

STEPHEN KING'S

Popsy.

A SCRIPT FOR A TWO PART TELEVISION SERIAL

WRITTEN

BY

LEE FORD JACKSON

BASED

ON THE

SHORT STORY

BY

STEPHEN KING

All is dark and doubtful.

Edward Gibbon. British Historian

Tag-line: Kidnap a 10 year old boy. Hold him at your trailer park overnight. Hand him over to the child traffickers in the morning. Collect your pay. What could go wrong? If the boy's father isn't human and he comes to find his son...*everything!*

White-lettered credits fade off and on over a black screen

SUPERIMPOSE in crimson coloured letters:

STEPHEN KING'S

POPSY

SOUND OFF: of rumbling tidal waves. The sound mixes with the periodic shriek of coastal birds and the rhythmic throb of a marine-engine drawing near.

FADE UP ON

EXT. LARGE COASTAL BAY/ OPEN SEA—DAY

LONG SHOT: of a PICTURESQUE coastal bay, lots of humidity. It's very early morning. The sky is a storm-ridden grey colour. A small fishing boat slices into FRAME. The boat SOUNDS its FOG HORNS, one prolonged BLAST that echoes for miles across the fog-shrouded bay. The trawler slowly heads out to sea.

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE CONTINUES...

A sombre piece of piano music starts up.

MID-SHOT LOW ANGLE: of the tidal waves heaving over slick-wet rocks.

LONG SHOT: of the misty beach, frothy combers crash along the shore.

LS: of high-sandy cliffs, mist swirls, seagulls soar---a coniferous forest sprouts from the precipices.

LOW ANGLE: of the DENSE PINE FOREST surrounding a long, rocky gorge. At the base of the gorge is a FAST FLOWING CREEK. The creek streams towards the beach and the ocean in the distance.

EXT. HIGHER PINE FOREST—DAY

LONG SHOT: of the vast pine forest. Light squalls rustle the foliage of this matured wood. The forest floor is covered with ferns, dead trees and soil as black as coal.

LOW ANGLE: of the trees towering up overhead. As the pines' conical tops catch the morning wind they sway back and forth, CREAKING and GROANING like old schooners at sea.

EXT. LOWER PINE FOREST—DAY

LONG SHOT MOVING THROUGH: corridors of trees. In the middle distance impenetrable banks of mist cling and eddy around the tall columns of timber.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LONG SHOT: of a different part of the lower forest. In the distance the piny trees give way to a large 'man-made' glade---

EXT. PINE BARREN'S CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

LONG SHOT: of static caravans in a small park. 'Pine Barren's Park' exists in a spacious clearing somewhere in the forest's lower region.

MOVE THROUGH THE PARK: past a row of static caravans, some are in pristine condition, others weather-beaten and filmed over with green slime on the roofs— all the caravans are empty. It's very obviously the end of the holiday season. Pretty much everybody who owns one of these static homes has long since packed up and left.

IN A DIFFERENT AREA OF THE PARK--

A noisy family busy themselves loading up their car. A couple of kids play Frisbee on the park's grassy clearing. The family dog runs around excitedly barking and chasing the Frisbee whenever it gets flung between brother and sister. The family are making ready to leave. Their caravan looks particularly 'luxurious'.

OPENNING CREDITS END. Piano music slows to a dead stop.

DOLLY FORWARDS in LONG SHOT: on a trailer established next to the luxury one. It's a 'run-down' two-bedroom six birth caravan, 45 feet in length by 20 feet wide, far in the corner of the park, a fair distance away from the others; on the right-side of the two lines of static homes, near to the tree-line. A timber walkway has been constructed around the trailer's frontage, around the front door and double doorway which opens out (when needed) on to a decking area which extends around the trailer's front end. The decking around this particular caravan is in a state dilapidation. It's clear that whoever lives in this trailer is not proud or domesticated in any way.

A ruined 'dirt-splattered' four-wheel drive flat-bed truck is parked beside the caravan in question.

SOUND OFF: from inside the trailer comes the sound of the TV---it's on real loud!

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

CLOSE UP of young man, maybe twenty-five years old, reasonably handsome, in bad need of a shave, a bath, and a change of clothes: Sheridan Banks. He's sat slumped on the 'booth' sofa in the lounge area watching the TV

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

(a Looney Tunes cartoon) in a nonchalant manner, half concentrating on rolling-up a cigarette as he does so. Sheridan looks like he's well and truly down on his luck. He's a total loner; dressed in dirty jeans and a muscle vest. His caravan's interior is nothing short of a personal chaos; a disgusting mess, a filthy shit-hole if ever there was one. Sheridan finishes rolling his cigarette. Once done he leans forward and looks for something to make a filter out of from the cluttered coffee table in front of him.

SOUND OFF: of a vehicle pulling up outside.

Sheridan twists around in his seat, lifts the net-curtain behind him and looks out through the dirt smeared picture window.

Sheridan's P.O.V. --through the picture window-- of a well-dressed man in a suit exiting a very flash Jaguar sports car, whoever this man in the suit is he looks like he means business.

Sheridan turns away from the window, closes his eyes and rubs his hand over his face and lets out a long 'exasperated' sigh. SOUND OFF: of knuckles rapping on the front door. Sheridan opens his eyes, puts down his cigarette, picks up the TV remote and flips it off.

SOUND OFF: of another 'impatient' rap of knuckles on the front door.

With a long, shaking breath Sheridan pushes up out of his seat.

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

Sheridan opens the front door and regards the man in the suit for a second. The man in the suit stares back at Sheridan. Sheridan allows the front door to swing wide open and motions for the man to step inside. After a slight pause, the man in the suit heads up the risers and enters Sheridan's caravan. Sheridan moves aside to let him pass, notices something across the way—

Sheridan's P.O.V of a six year old boy (the brother to the sister playing Frisbee) as he slides out through a gap in the decorative fencing erected along the base of the luxury caravan: the timber fence covers over the crawl space beneath the static home. The boy has just retrieved a foot-ball to play with after scuttling underneath his parent's trailer. He smiles and waves to Sheridan. ---

--Mutely Sheridan waves back and shuts the front door.

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

Mr Carveth stands in the kitchenette area. There is no love lost between him and Sheridan Banks. Mr Carveth is very muscular in build he gives off a menacing demeanour as he stares disapprovingly at Sheridan. Sheridan walks past him, through the caravan's main interior and back to the lounge. Mr Carveth remains in the kitchenette area.

SHERIDAN (speaks over his shoulder)

I'd err...I'd offer you some light refreshment but I don't have anything.

CARVETH

Figures!

SHERIDAN

Well, I wasn't expecting you. You could've let me know you were coming over...

CARVETH (nods, "Yes")

Your phone's turned off. (pause) Are you by yourself?

Carveth crosses to the filth-ridden sink, studies it for a second.

Sheridan sits back down on the sofa.

SHERIDAN

Yeah. I'm alone. I'm on my Jack Jones.

He resumes his search for something to make a suitable filter out of. Sheridan does his best to hide his resentment and fear of Carveth.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (distracted)

You should've dropped by a couple of weeks ago. I had a...a full bottle of jolly to spare. (pauses to stuff a piece of scrunched card in his cigarette as a filter) You know, Carveth, as always, you could've made it your very own (shrugs)... 'cause whatever is mine is yours...

Carveth nods and looks at Sheridan for a moment.

CARVETH (less than impressed)

Uh-huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Carveth turns his back on Sheridan and opens one of the kitchen cabinets level with his head—the cabinet is empty.

Sheridan watches him and frowns.

Carveth then leans down and snatches open the refrigerator door and just like the cabinet—its empty! Carveth straightens up, slams the refrigerator door closed.

CARVETH (sarcastically)

Still living in the lap of luxury, Sherry, huh?

Carveth picks up a tin containing something horrible, sniffs at it with a disgusted face and then throws the tin onto the kitchenette table.

SHERIDAN (smiles; sardonically)

Oh, fuck you!

CARVETH (casually)

No, thank you. I'm not gay. (pause)

SHERIDAN (dully)

What do you want?

CARVETH

To offer you a job!

SHERIDAN (smiles; indignant)

Interest in your job offer: zero. (lights his cigarette) Last thing I need right now is a job offer from a man like you.

CARVETH (repeats, smiles back, feigning humour)

A man like me, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN

Yeah.

CARVETH (smile fades, he fixes a stern gaze on Sheridan)

You need a job! Do wanna know why you need a job, Sheridan?

Sheridan doesn't answer.

CARVETH (CONT'D)

--I'll tell you why: because you have no food in your kitchen cabinets. No milk in your refrigerator. And I'm pretty sure there's no tobacco left in *that* pouch once you've finished smoking *that* cigarette. After you've thoroughly enjoyed that *real* tobacco-flavour you got going on there (sneers)...you'll be smoking shit-paper and tea leaves all the way to Christmas and back. Yes?

Long pause.

Sheridan still doesn't answer. He knows Carveth is right!

CARVETH (CONT'D)

So, Sheridan, when a man has no food, no milk, and no tobacco---he needs a job!

And may I remind you that you still have a large outstanding balance with The Turk. A man with no money can't just very well go out and put a wager on a game, now, can he? (pause) The Turk has been very patient and understanding towards you. But I have a feeling once I inform him you're turning down work when asked to do some...well...Sheridan...I think his patience and understanding is gonna quickly wear thin. (pause) We bank-roll your existence here! Without us you're out on your ass! Now if you don't like this truly opulent location (gestures to the caravan's interior and shrugs) we can always re-locate you. We can put you in a nice warm hospital bed surrounded by doctors and nurses...or, we could put you in the cold, wet ground somewhere...six feet under...just write-off our losses! (pause) You're not a *dead loss* to us are you, Sheridan? (long pause) 'Cause if you are I doubt anyone would notice. (pause) You got no family who care, no friends left to tap and no significant others looking out for you—all you've got left is *us*. (long pause) So, when *we* ask *you* to do something for *us*, *we*

expect *you* to do it. Now, in the next ten seconds I'm gonna re-offer you the chance to do a job for *us*...and when I do your answer is going to be...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Carveth leans forwards a little, gesturing, patently waiting for the right answer.

SHERIDAN (he squirms and nods his head 'Yes')

Yes.

Carveth snaps his middle-finger and thumb together and points at Sheridan.

CARVETH

Yes! Correct answer! (pause) We need twenty-four hours of your time, Sherry. And that kinda timeframe shouldn't be too much trouble for an eventful man like yourself, huh? (pause) We run a very lucrative side-business in trafficking children. It's proved to be very profitable! Depending on who you sell them to, of course; each kid fetches up to thirty-grand a piece. And after a successful sale we can always snap off a couple of thousand for the principal requisition...some of the rest can go towards paying off your outstanding balance. Now, we mainly deal in young boys; eight to twelve year olds. No younger, no older. Problem is we're running out of merchandise—and that's where you come in, Sherry. I need you to go out there and acquire us some stock.

SHERIDAN (incredulously)

What! You...You're fucking kidding me?!

CARVETH

No. I'm being deadly fucking serious with you.

SHERIDAN (angry)

You want me, uh, you want me to kidnap a boy so *you* and The Turk can go and sell him to a bunch of fucking paedophiles?! What kind...*Jesus-fuckin- Christ!* What kind of a person do you people think I am?

CARVETH (calm, casual)

Well, The Turk thinks you're the desperate kind who'll do whatever he has to to stay in the black and save his worthless hide... (pause) *I*, on the other hand, am

of the opinion you're the kind of man who is ultimately un-fucking-reliable. A sad, miserable, low-life piece of shit, if you will!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CARVETH (CONT'D)

To really hit the nail on the head: You're a man who is ultimately a waste of time, effort and space. (pause; pretends to think for a second) Or are you a man who just needs some hefty persuasion, along with a little extra reliability in order to carry out said duties worthy of his standing; case in point...

Carveth reaches for a shoulder holster under his left armpit and carefully withdraws a 'brand-new' Smith & Wesson Governor .45 Colt revolver. Carveth bends his elbow, brings the shiny stainless steel .45 level with his shoulder.

CARVETH (CONT'D) (smiles, playfully)

This should help move things along, huh?!

Carveth, quick as lightning, straightens his right arm and aims the .45 at Sheridan. He ain't playing anymore!

Sheridan sits bolt upright, raises his hands like a guy in a stick-up. If Sheridan was unnerved by Carveth before he's unreservedly scared shitless of him now!

SHERIDAN

Hey! Hey...I, I didn't say I wouldn't fucking do it, Carveth! Alright! Am just saying the whole thing is as risky as shit! I could...I could easily get caught doing this! (pleading, desperate) I'm no professional fucking 'child-thief'! I don't know where to start... Where am supposed to go?! What if the kid—'

Carveth places his left index-finger over his lips in an Ssssh! gesture. Sheridan immediately shuts up. Carveth slowly takes his finger away from his lips but he keeps the Smith & Wesson trained on Sheridan.

CARVETH (coldly, calmly)

Sherry, here's whatja you do: You go out and you grab me some fresh merchandise. No younger than eight, no older than twelve. A Caucasian! Clean, healthy, strong-boned. I don't care where you get it from. I don't care how you do it. But *you* do it, you get the merchandise and you bring it back here. Get a console and some video games. Get some books and some toys; thus keeping the merchandise quiet and occupied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CARVETH (CONT'D)

And you call me—I'm in Taluda Heights on Wednesday night, I'm passing back through here on Thursday morning; myself and two of my associates, pending your phone call, will stop by here on Thursday morning and take the fruit of your labour off your hands. Just make sure the merchandise remains undamaged, no cuts, no bleeding; no bruises. And one week later we pay you your money. (pause) It really couldn't be simpler, Sherry!

SHERIDAN (uneasily, can barely believe what he has to do)

What if I get caught?

CARVETH (restrained)

Don't get caught.

SHERIDAN (anxious)

Well, what if someone around here sees?

CARVETH (restrained, losing patience)

Make sure nobody sees. (pause) When the Gaines family leave you'll have the whole park all to yourself. (motions outside with a nod of his head referring to the noisy family packing up to go) Only 'window-licking' Billy will come out here and do his checks--- which will be what, twice a day? You can handle that can't you? When dip-shit Billy comes around all you have to do is keep the merchandise hidden and quiet.

SHERIDAN (still anxious)

And what if he won't shut up, Carveth, huh? What if the kid starts fuckin' screaming or something like that?

CARVETH (holds the gun aloft, restraining impatience, simulating empathy with a clown's-moue of sadness)

See, I'm gonna loan you my brand-new .45, 'cause I feel sorry for you. (pause) *This!* (motions with the gun) *This will be your reliability*, Sheridan! You don't get to keep it by-the -way. I want my gun back... in perfect working condition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CARVETH (CONT'D)

(pauses, rolls his eyes and drops the act; gets all serious) *Jesus Christ!* If the merchandise gives you some trouble, then drag it outside and cap a couple of shots off into the woods. Prove the .45's the real deal! After that, whenever you stick the gun in its face, it'll do whatever you say. Hell, the little darling will even drink a cup of its own warm piss if you tell it to. You won't have any trouble...

SHERIDAN

What if someone sees me with the kid out there? I mean...What if, what if I have to prove the guns loaded with live rounds and someone hears the shots?

CARVETH (lowers the .45 level with his waist)

Nobody is gonna be around to see or hear a fuckin' thing, Sheridan. This park, by the end of today, is gonna be *totally* deserted! (pause) Which indecently makes you the best person to do this little job for us right now...

SHERIDAN (panicked; nervous)

I don't know...I don't know, Carveth. This is, uh, this is a big fucking risk. One I don't care to take. (anger and frustration overtakes his anxiety for a moment) How can you talk about the kid as an *it*, Carveth? It's a child. It's a person, a kid with feelings, taken away from their family. How can you be so fucking heartless, man?

CARVETH

Because once they come to us they're not children anymore-- they're merchandise! Nothing more nothing-less! (pause) Sheridan, I don't want you to get any ideas about re-locating yourself between now and Thursday morning. If you try and run and hide---we'll find you, *we* always do. And *we will* re-locate you, *permanently!*

Sheridan stares at Carveth, utterly wounded, frightened and broken. He leans forwards and forcefully stubs his cigarette out in a broken ash-tray. Sheridan knows there's no way out of this for him--he's got to do it---he's got no choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (shakes his head, 'No', stares down at the floor)

Oh, God! I think I'm gonna throw up! I don't fucking believe this. I...It's never gonna work. (his frustration and fear touching on fever-pitch) It's never gonna work. I'll wind up getting caught I know it...I know it. It's all gonna go fuckin' wrong... They'll lock me up and throw away the key for this...

Sheridan bites at his fingernails, starts rubbing his 'shaking' hands over his face and rocking back and forth in his seat. He's a restless, anxious mess.

CARVETH (casually)

So says the prophet so sourly. (pause) As long as you do it up right, Sherry, and don't fuck it up righteously—you'll be fine!

Carveth ignores Sheridan's emotional plight. He raps his knuckles on the counter-top in order to gain Sheridan's attention...thump...thump...thump...

Sheridan stops rocking and looks up at him.

Carveth, once again, holds the .45 aloft and—in a well practiced move—with his index finger through the trigger-guard, spins the firearm around in the palm of his hand so that the grip-handle point's ceiling-ward and the barrel rests against his inner wrist. Carveth lowers the gun and places it onto the table-top.

CARVETH (stares at Sheridan with a grin)

On loan to you!

ECU of Carveth's right hand releasing his grip on the .45—spread out on the table is a noticeable selection of porno-magazines--

--Carveth then reaches inside his outer jacket pocket and withdraws a box of shells. He rattles the box's contents back and forth a couple of times,

CARVETH (CONT'D)

These might come in handy.

He tosses the box of shells onto the table and—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--ECS as the box lands right next to the .45.

Long pause. Each man stares at the other for a few seconds.

CARVETH (CONT'D)

Does your truck work?

Sheridan nods his head, 'Yes.'

CARVETH (CONT'D)

Got any fuel?

Sheridan shakes his head, 'No.'

Carveth withdraws his wallet and proceeds to curl a couple of crisp notes from a huge sheaf inside. He holds the notes up and then throws them down on the table along with the gun and the shells.

CARVETH (CONT'D)

For fuel! I presume you still have a cell phone?

Sheridan nods his head, 'Yes.'

CARVETH (CONT'D)

Got any credit?

Sheridan shakes his head, 'No.'

Carveth curls two more bills from the wallet's bulging sheaf and throws them down on the table along with everything else.

CARVETH (CONT'D)

For credit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Carveth takes out a whole bundle of notes from his wallet, he glances at Sheridan for a moment before flipping the entire sheaf of cash onto the table.

CARVETH (CONT'D)

There's over seven hundred...for essentials like gaming consoles, toys, books, and food. (pause) Spend it wisely.

SHERIDAN (totally despondent)

Where the hell I am supposed to get this kid from, Carveth?

CARVETH (impatiently, evenly)

Oh, I don't know, Sherry. Go to places where kids hang out, go to play-parks, school yards; shopping centres---use your imagination! (pause) And Sheridan, clean this shit-hole up, will ya. Get rid of all that pornography... You can't bring a kid back to a place like this for Christ sakes....

Carveth starts for the door.

CARVETH (CONT'D)

...Call me on Wednesday night...and I'll see you Thursday morning. Happy trails.

Carveth winks at Sheridan, opens the front door and takes his leave.

Sheridan stares at the front door for a couple of seconds, broken and anxious. He then flops back in his seat and lets out a shuddering breath, covers his face with the palms of his hands.

TIME CUT

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

LOW ANGLE: of the grassy driveway alongside Sheridan's caravan. The truck's muddy tyre tracks have cut deep into the earth, a long hump of grass rises up between them. The rough grassland stretches out to the second row of caravans across the way, some seventy yards distant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The sky remains storm-ridden and grey.

SOUND OFF: of the grumbling 'ruined' truck engine approaching.

Sheridan's 'clunky' truck slowly enters FRAME and pulls in next to his caravan. As the vehicle parks up the BULLBARS attached over the grille and BUMPER fill the FRAME. After a beat the idling engine is switched off.

Sheridan throws the driver's door open and climbs out from the cab. He slams the door shut and ambles around the front of the truck to the passenger-side, once there he wrenches the door open.

LOW ANGLE: of Sheridan seen from the waist down as he begins to haul several heavy-looking shopping bags out from the passenger side. He then picks up a cardboard box containing a gaming console, with his arms full he kicks the passenger door shut. CRANE UPWARDS as Sheridan turns and approaches his caravan's front door.

SOUND OFF: of STRONG GUSTS OF WIND souging through the pine forest.

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

SOUND OFF: of the front door closing.

CAMERA PANAGLIDES behind Sheridan as he dumps the shopping bags and truck keys down on the kitchen table. He walks forwards into the lounge area and stops, crouches down next to the TV, places the gaming console beside the TV's stand. Sheridan straightens up and walks towards the sofa, stops. He just stands there staring out through the picture window with his back to FRAME. After a few moments he turns around; his expression reads as if he's lost in a daze. Sheridan's eyes are wide open but they seem to focus on nothing.

CAMERA PANAGLIDES SLOWLY BACKWARDS away from Sheridan and FLOATS TO THE LEFT AND THEN TO THE RIGHT through the caravan's main interior. This in turn shows that Sheridan has indeed cleaned up! To be fair he's done a pretty good job!

The only SOUND in the room is the soft ticking of the clock above the mantle-piece.

Outside—SOUND OFF: of gusts of wind playing the trees.

TIME CUT

ECU of Sheridan's thumb snapping down the kettle's on switch--.

CS of Sheridan placing a filter-tip cigarette between his lips —

Sheridan tosses a packet of cigarettes onto the counter-top, turns and selects a cup out of a cabinet beside his head. He leans forwards and stares out through the kitchenette window with a morose expression on his face. After a couple of seconds he lights his cigarette.

TIME CUT

Sheridan is stood in lounge-area unfolding a large throw-over blanket, holds it up and inspects it, sniffs at it; satisfied with the blankets aroma and condition he begins to neatly fold it up.

TIME CUT

Sheridan is sat on the sofa, feeding a length of rope off a drum through his hands. He's watching a Looney Tunes cartoon on TV as he works. Once he's unwound what he considers to be enough rope, Sheridan clasps two pieces together in one hand and places the loop down on the coffee table. With a Meat Cleaver he hacks through the rope—not caring what its blade does to his furniture--after several hefty chops the rope splits. Sheridan then begins to ring the length of rope he just cut through over his elbow and the palm of his hand.

ECS of Sheridan throwing the noosed rope down on the kitchen table, once done, he picks up the .45 and the box of shells.

Sheridan sits back down on the sofa--

ECS of Sheridan holding the .45 in his right hand by the grip-handle. With his left hand he slips shells into the 'broke-open' cylinder. His actions are slow and painfully careful. Once the cylinder is full with all six shells, Sheridan begins to slowly rotate it. The loaded cylinder makes steely *click!* noises as he turns it.

Sheridan sits there on the sofa, deep in anxious thought, lost in a world of his own, absently rotating the .45's loading cylinder. *Click! Click! Click!*

TIME CUT

The TV is switched off now.

Sheridan puts the gun down on the kitchenette table, grabs his army-surplus jacket hanging off a chair's back rest and slips it on---

Sheridan puts on a baseball cap, pulls its visor down close to his eyes—

CU of Sheridan's fingers as he snatches his truck keys off the kitchen table—

CU as he picks up the rope—

--and hooks it through his right hand, up over his arm and onto his shoulder. He holds the rope with his left hand and picks up the .45 with his right. He suddenly stops what he is doing and stares at the gun. He takes a moment to contemplate some weighty issue.

Sheridan looks off to his right, his eyes not focusing on anything-- after a moment he comes to a conscious decision: Sheridan doesn't want to take the gun! Too risky!

Sheridan moves to his right and stops, looks down at—CRANE DOWNWARDS TO REVEAL: a steel footlocker, secured with a YALE padlock. Sheridan absently kicks at the box.

CU of Sheridan's hands unlocking the padlock on the footlocker, he twists the padlock off, whips open the lid and drops the .45 and box of shells inside. He quickly SLAMS the lid closed and proceeds to replace and secure the padlock.

INT. TRUCK—DAY

From inside the truck looking out through the wide-open passenger door as Sheridan leans in tying one end of the rope to the 'grab-handle' moulded to the dashboard. He ties a perfect figure of eight knot. Sheridan then throws the blanket he was inspecting earlier (draped over his left shoulder) onto the passenger seats and pushes the door closed.

Sheridan opens the driver's door and gets in behind the wheel. He slams the door closed and stops for a second to stare out through the windshield. He looks pallid, ill; a man charged with a terrible task.

Sheridan slips the key in the ignition and he leans forwards, rests his head down over the steering wheel like a child taking a nap over their school desk. He lets out a long, shivery sigh. Sheridan suddenly straightens up, full of determination. He checks his wristwatch, starts the engine and cranks the transmission into gear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

As Sheridan's truck backs out from the grassy driveway and reverses on a tight curvature; engine revs increase as the truck pitches to a stop. Sheridan changes gear and floors the accelerator. The truck pulls forwards—

HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT: of the entire park as the truck drives out between the rows of static homes and the twin park lamps positioned sentinel at the mouth of a dirt track leading away off from the clearing.

(NOTE: All about the site are several street lights, strategically placed to illuminate the park during nightfall. The lights are cast in steel and forged in the style of old 'York Gas Lanterns'.)

INT. TRUCK. DIRT TRACK—MOVING

As Sheridan drives he bounces up and down in his seat with the movement of the vehicle's chassis. The truck CREAKS loudly as its tyres roll over a bumpy dirt track. Sheridan starts to spin the steering wheel a hard right, drives for a few seconds and then spins the steering wheel a sharp left---

EXT. THE RISE. ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAY CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

LONG SHOT CRANES UPWARDS as Sheridan's truck pulls into FRAME and turns down a wide gravelled rise which slopes down to a row of steel fencing and twin gateways. There is a causeway beyond. The driveway is some 100ft in width and the twin gateways are like those found securing agricultural fields: the gates act as guard against unwanted traffic entering the park at night. Avenues of pine trees hug the gravelled rise on both sides. Sheridan's truck roars down towards the open gates.

ANGLE: as the truck zooms out through the EXIT GATE—

INT. TRUCK. CAUSEWAY—MOVING DAY

--Sheridan applies the brakes and spins the steering wheel a hard right—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--ANGLE: Looking out through the windshield over the length of the hood as the truck turns at the t-junction onto a narrow causeway. The park's MAIN ENTRANCE/EXIT ROAD.

EXT. THE CAUSEWAY. CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK—DAY

LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE as the truck speeds along the length of the causeway, ranks of pine trees edge up to the tarmac on both sides. CRANE DOWNWARDS as Sheridan's truck slows at the junction, indicates left and drives off up the HIGHWAY.

---PAN LEFT WITH THE TRUCK FOR A MOMENT AND STOP TO REVEAL:

A sign—in the background-- which reads:

PINE BARREN'S PARK
PRIVATE SITE
STRICTLY RESIDENTS ONLY

TIME CUT

INT. TRUCK—MOVING

Sheridan drives along a dual carriageway, hands ten-to-ten on the steering wheel, arms taugt, facial expression emotionless. He's in the slow lane, cars and heavy goods vehicles over-take him in the fast lane. Sheridan lights a cigarette, cranks the driver's side-window a fraction.

ANGLE: looking out through the windshield along the length of the hood--- up ahead the dual carriageway feeds into the DARK MOUTH OF A HUGE TUNNEL. The tunnel has been hollowed into the side of a solid granite cliff.

EXT. DUAL CARRIGEWAY/TUNNEL'S INTERIOR--DAY

The truck zooms into the tunnel's vast interior along with a constant stream of traffic. The tunnel's interior is tiled and illuminated via a multitude of fluorescent lights.

TIME CUT

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL/RESIDENTAIL STREET—DAY

SOUND OFF: of SLOW WANDERING FOOTFALLS, they're close by, in the distance echoes the cacophonous noise of a hundred children playing, laughing and screaming. The noises of children playing draws nearer, the sound of the footfalls emanate in perfect time and motion with the CAMERA movement---

PANAGLIDE along a red-bricked wall, the wall suddenly ends and—in the FOREGROUND—GREEN STEEL RAILINGS appear--beyond the railings—in the BACKGROUND-- is a school playground filled with a mass of playing children. A large 'POST-WAR' red-bricked school building looms in the FAR BACKGROUND.

SOUND OFF: of the FOOTFALLS coming to a halt—PANAGLIDE STOPS—

ANGLE: of Sheridan staring in through the rails, he's extremely 'self-conscious', staring long and hard at the children.

Sheridan's P.O.V. of the school children, a mix of seven to eight year olds take turns to play on a climbing frame. Groups of children run excitedly after one another, playing some kind of 'tick-game'. A couple of boys (about the ages Sheridan's after) stand huddled together swapping football cards.

The school children play a safe distance away from the railings.

--Sheridan continually scans the children's activity. He bites at his lip, fretfully looks up and down the street, anxious in case anybody sees him. He turns his attention back to the children playing in the playground—this is impossible! Sheridan's doubtful facial expression says it all: there's no way I could ever hope to take a child from here! Sheridan's P.O.V. as groups of children run past the railings—they're fairly close by compared to the others. A little seven year old girl, laughing with her friends, dressed in a chunky parka and woolly scarf stops the moment she notices Sheridan. The smile on her face vanishes for a moment as she takes a few steps towards the railings. The little girl looks Sheridan up and down, curious of his presence

ANGLE: of Sheridan as he looks back with a blank expression for a moment.—

-- Sheridan's P.O.V: of the little girl as she beams a great big smile at him joined with a 'magic-finger' wave—

ANGLE: Sheridan UNEASILY smiles and waves back, as he does so his eyes shift upwards from the little girl to something he suddenly notices behind her. Whatever Sheridan sees now makes him flinch, his smile and wave immediately cease to exist----

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan's P.O.V. behind the smiling little girl—no more than five yards behind her-- now stands a playground assistant. A young woman in her mid-to-late twenties, very conservatively dressed. She's glaring at Sheridan with the utmost suspicious look on her face---

REVERSE ANGLE: Sheridan baulks and backs away from the railings---

--the playground assistant drops her gaze to the little girl for a moment and then returns her stern, suspicious glare to Sheridan. She begins to approach the railings
—

REVERSE ANGLE: For a split second Sheridan doesn't know what to do. His self-assurance (if he ever had any in the first place) is utterly destroyed with guilt and shame. He backs up a few steps, eyes wide and staring at the approaching playground assistant.

PLAYGROUND ASSISTANT V/O

Emma, is everything okay?

That's it! Sheridan thrusts his hands in his jacket pockets and pivots to his right---

SHERIDAN (under his breath)

Shit!

--the advancing playground assistant holds her hand out as she draws level with the smiling girl, Emma. And Emma (in response to the playground assistant's voice) slowly turns and takes her hand. The playground assistant never stops glaring at Sheridan—not for a second! A small gathering of children swarm around the playground assistant, all eyes staring with true child-innocence and inquisitiveness at Sheridan---

PLAYGROUND ASSISTANT (calmly, not wanting to draw significant attention to Sheridan's presence)

Come on, sweetheart...the bells gonna go soon and we'll all have to line up. Say bye-bye to the man. (raises her voice so the others can hear) *Come on, children. Everybody get ready to line up. Come on. Everybody!*

The playground assistant turns and starts back towards the school, glowering at Sheridan over her shoulder as she goes. The assembly of children begin to slowly disperse--

SOUND OF: The SHRILL ring of the school's bell fills the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

-- Feeling the weight of all those eyes Sheridan quickly/nervously pulls his baseball cap down over his head in a belated attempt to try and conceal his facial features. He gives up, lowers his head and starts to 'fast retreat' up the street.

TIME CUT

INT. TRUCK—MOVING

Sheridan drives along the dual-carriageway again, his face fixed with a sombre expression. He's in the fast lane now. Engine roars as Sheridan puts his foot down hard on the accelerator.

TIME CUT

INT. MULTI-STOREY CAR PARK. SHOPPING CENTRE—DAY

Sheridan's truck is parked in the middle of a row of parked cars on an upper-storey level of a multi-storey car park.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE AVENUE—DAY

PANAGLIDE through a bustling avenue of a moderately busy 'HIGH-TECH' shopping centre, everywhere racks of different social-classes of people shift and heave in different directions.

The high-ceilinged avenue reverberates with noise of MOVING HUMAN TRAFFIC. GLASS FRONTED RETAIL OUTLETS front the shopping avenue on either side-- Sheridan walks INTO FRAME strolling among the crowds of humanity with his hands in his jacket pockets and his baseball cap pulled down low. He's on edge, scanning everyone and anyone: searching for a boy who'll save his skin if he can kidnap one easily enough and hand him over to the Turk.—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. MOVING FORWARDS as waves of shoppers cut around him like a fast flowing river cuts around a rock: a young couple laughing and talking; a stressed middle-aged house-wife pushing a pram while a screaming five year old walks beside her; a suited business man speaking hurriedly into a mobile telephone; a group of college kids, laughing, talking, pushing each other playfully back and forth, texting messages on cell phones----every single person that passes by Sheridan is a representation of a world he simply isn't a part of.

--Sheridan keeps walking. Watching. Searching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

-CU of Sheridan as he meanders along, he looks up directly above his head and sees—

--a BLACKED-OUT DOMED SHAPED SECURITY CAMERA affixed to the avenue's ceiling---

--Sheridan shakes his head (he can't believe he's doing this) and trudges on—

TIME CUT

Sheridan leans against a concrete pillar in a busy shopping avenue. He stands and expressionlessly watches the tides of shoppers rally past---

TIME CUT

Sheridan is sat in a FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT, despondently sipping a cup of coffee. He places a cigarette between his lips and begins to search in his coat pocket for his lighter.

AUTHORITARIAN MALE VOICE V/O

There's no smoking in here, sir.

Sheridan looks up and sees---

--a beefy, stone-faced security guard staring down at him—

SECURITY GUARD (motions to a 'No Smoking' sign on the wall)

No smoking, sir.

Sheridan shrugs and nods 'Yes.' He reluctantly takes the cigarette from his mouth and puts it back in the packet.

SHERIDAN

I'm sorry.

The security guard slowly walks away and Sheridan watches his departure for a few seconds. After a moment, a group of rowdy teenage women flounce past Sheridan's table, all of them carrying dinner trays-- every single one of them engaged in strident conversation. The teenage women drop down into the available seats at a table beside Sheridan's. Their conversations ensue. Sheridan looks over at them, looks away and then looks back—he can't fight the urge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

One of the elder teenagers in the group notices his unwanted interest and she shoots Sheridan a 'fuck you, pervert!' kind of glare married with a sneery smile.

Embarrassed Sheridan quickly turns away, grabs his cup, swallows the rest of his coffee in one gulp and pushes to his feet. Sheridan exits FRAME in a fast walk. The teenage women watch him leave sniggering and laughing to each other at his expense.

TIME CUT

CU of an index finger and thumb clutching a yellow pastel as the person's hand holding it moves forwards and connects with---a toddler's rosy cheek—PULL BACK TO REVEAL ---the three year old boy getting his face painted like a tiger's.

MID-SHOT: of the SHOPPING CENTRE'S LOBBY, setup to one side is a face-painting stall, two women work together painting toddler's faces in a variety of animals and cartoon characters. A line of children queue up with their parents 'nosily', 'impatiently' waiting for their turn next.

CU of Sheridan standing in an adjoining AVENUE connecting to the LOBBY, leaning against a retail outlets window pane, hands in jacket pockets, watching keenly as the children get their faces painted. Multitudes of shoppers mill back and forth.

Sheridan furtively glances at the shoppers passing by-- before returning his gaze to the families with children. His face slowly develops that same despondent, hesitant look he had while standing outside the school earlier.

After a few moments Sheridan starts forwards—

--MEDIUM SHOT: As he slowly trudges passed the face-painting stall, he glances at the families—especially the young children, many of them far too infantile to abduct; one or two five to eight year old boys in easy grabbing distance---no chance he'll be able to take a single one! Sheridan just keeps on walking, a pained and frustrated expression crosses his face--he fast disappears among the throngs of shoppers entering/leaving the centre.

TIME CUT

CU-PANAGLIDE—with an eleven year old boy (dressed in a school-uniform) as he strolls along lost in a world of his own—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--his full attention is on his TABLET, clutched tightly in both hands, playing a computer game on it (shoppers wander past all around him)--

---the eleven year old boy reaches the GIANT WINDOW PANE of a CLOTHING STORE. He draws to a halt right in-front of the GLASS. He continues playing the game on his TABLET, utterly absorbed in it---

--Sheridan stands leaning against the very same WINDOW PANE, about ten feet away from where the eleven year old boy is now stood. Sheridan sizes the kid up, staring at him closely—

--IN A TWO SHOT: Sheridan stands in the BACKGROUND and the eleven year old boy stands in the FOREGROUND. Sheridan continues to keep an eye on him, while the boy, oblivious to Sheridan's presence, continues to play on his Tablet---

--CU of an 'uneasy' Sheridan as he quickly surveys the surrounding area—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the shopping avenue, multitudes of people tromp past in both direction, and not one of them seems to be responsible for the boy playing on his Tablet.

--CU of Sheridan, his eyes flicker back to the boy. He takes a deep breath and starts to move forward—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. as he draws closer to the boy, the boy doesn't notice Sheridan, he just keeps playing on his Tablet—

--TWO SHOT: as Sheridan closes the distance, closer and closer to the boy; Sheridan is poised to say something when—

WOMAN'S VOICE V/O

--*Daniel!*

An irate woman (Daniel's mother) in her late thirties storms up behind the eleven year old boy and grabs his upper-right arm, spins him around to face her.

Sheridan jolts, mouths the words 'oh shit' and performs the fastest 'about face' ever seen. He quickly walks back the way he came as Daniel's mother starts to lay into her son.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

What the hell do you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

DANIEL (overlapping, just as angry at his mother)

Oh my God! I almost dropped my Tablet because of you, Mom!

DANIEL'S MOTHER (overlapping)

--I don't care! You were supposed stay with your sister.

DANIEL

--She's in *Alice's!* And she's spending ages in there!

DANIEL'S MOTHER (overlapping)

--I know where your sister is! You were supposed to stay outside where she could see you!

DANIEL

--But it's boring, Mom! It's just a stupid jewellery shop for girls... I hate waiting for her—'

Sheridan draws to a stop at the end of the CLOTHING STORE window. He sneaks glances over his shoulder at Daniel and his irate mother. Daniel's mom begins to lead her protesting son away via the grip she has on his wrist. Their arguing continues.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

--I don't care, Daniel. I just wish for once you'd do as you're told; stay where we can see you. (casts a quick distrustful glance in Sheridan's direction) You don't know who's around...

Daniel and his mom hurry away and soon disappear among the crowds.

Sheridan, with a stern expression, watches them walk away before turning and pushing off from the shop window. He heads along the shopping avenue in the opposite direction.

TIME CUT

PANANGLIDE THOURGH a department store's sound/vision entertainment section.

Aisle after aisle after aisle SHIFTS PAST, shoppers come and go, some looking at TV displays, others survey the racks of CDs and DVDs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

A group of noisy teenage boys stand in one particular aisle, laughing, talking and fooling around. PANANGLIDE STOPS when the FRAME finds Sheridan stood in next aisle over. Sheridan stands looking at the different DVD categories. It quickly becomes evident that Sheridan is watching/studying the group of teenage boys in the aisle opposite.

CU of Sheridan as he picks up a DVD and pretends to read the back sleeve. His eyes continually drift from the DVD case to the group of teenagers---

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the teenage boys, they're probably a bit too old for what is required. These boys look to be somewhere around 13 to 15 years of age. They continue to laugh and talk with each other (unlike Sheridan *they actually are* looking at the DVDs and most of their conversation revolves around the movies they pick up and revise) they remain oblivious to Sheridan keeping a close eye on them.

--Sheridan keeps looking at the teenagers, glances around the shop, looks back at the boys, measuring them up; pretends to read the DVD case for a second, returns his gaze to the boys---

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the teenagers as one of them turns around and notices him; the boy gives Sheridan an unfriendly look—

--CU of Sheridan as he quickly drops his eyes to the DVD case and pretends to read it—

--MS of the teenage boys as the one who just gave Sheridan the shitty look turns his back on him and nudges his pal, whispering something in his ear, motioning in Sheridan's direction; they both turn around and look at Sheridan---

--CU of Sheridan as he looks up and sees---

---Sheridan's P.O.V. of the teenage gang of boys: they're all staring back now. They look at each other, sneer at Sheridan, look him up and down and burst into fits of cruel laughter.

One of the teenagers announces loudly '*Fuckin' queer!*' This is followed by another outburst from the gang, '*Cocksucker!*'—

-- The group of teenage boys start to take their leave, one of them throws a screwed up receipt at Sheridan. The teenagers continue to laugh at him while hurling the occasional insult.

CU of Sheridan (looking really uncomfortable)—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--as the scrunched-up receipt strikes his chest, he does his level best to ignore the teenage boys, acts as if he's reading the DVD sleeve—

--The jeering teenagers make their way along the store's MAIN THOROUGHFARE and exit the shop via its GLASS-FRONTED ENTRANCE/EXIT DOORS---

--CU of Sheridan as he looks up and watches their departure with a troubled expression on his face. He swivels his head slowly to the right, does a slight 'double-take' and freezes. Sheridan frowns at what he sees now, the frown quickly melts and his facial features visibly tighten—

--REVERSE ANGLE: CU of the beefy, stone-faced security guard (same one who asked Sheridan not to smoke earlier) stood out in the shopping avenue staring in at him through the shop's right-side PLATE GLASS WINDOW.

--Sheridan stares back for second, looking uncertain--

--Sheridan's P.O.V. as the beefy security guard unclips a two-way radio from his hip belt and brings it level with his mouth, starts speaking into it (his conversation remains inaudible to Sheridan)---

--MS of Sheridan as he hesitantly puts the DVD case back in the rack. He starts walking slowly to the end of the aisle while retaining a close watch on the beefy security guard. Sheridan turns his head slightly to the left and sees—

Sheridan's P.O.V. THROUGH THE LEFT SIDE PLATE WINDOW: a second security guard (replacing his two-way radio to his hip-belt as he walks) ambles his way towards the beefy one.

--CU of Sheridan as he watches the two security guards worriedly—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. THROUGH THE RIGHT-SIDE PLATE GLASS WINDOW as the two security guards meet up and start talking face-to-face, the beefy one looks in occasionally at Sheridan over his colleague's shoulder. Their conversation remains inaudible---

--CU of Sheridan as he shoves his hands in his jacket pockets, starts to take slow steps backwards, keeping an apprehensive watch on the security guards—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the two security guards as they finish up their conversation and both walk towards the SHOP'S ENTRANCE/EXIT DOORS; they both stare firmly at Sheridan. The two security guards enter the SHOP--

MS of Sheridan as he quickly turns and starts walking along the SHOP'S MAIN THOROUGHFARE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

PANAGLIDE BEHIND Sheridan as he walks faster, stealing frightened glances over his shoulder as he goes—

--PANAGLIDE INFRONT of the two security guards, walking side-by-side, pursuing, gaining on Sheridan---

--PANAGLIDE BEHIND Sheridan as he turns to face front—frantic now-- his fast walk turns into a light jog, his light jog turns into a fast run, he rakes around shoppers heading in the same direction and weaves his way around those walking the opposite way--

--PANAGLIDE INFRONT of the security guards as they speed up their pursuit-

--PANAGLIDE BEHIND Sheridan as he races towards a short flight of steps which lead up to a set of THREE GLASS-PLATED ENTRANCE/EXIT DOORS (these doors act as one of many entrances and exits to the shop and the centre). Sheridan barrels up the steps, finding himself working against the inward velocity of shoppers making their way in; he accidentally (in his haste) clips shoulders with a young man descending the steps as he ascends them. The young man stops and gives Sheridan a pissed off look. Sheridan turns on his heels—

SHERIDAN (frenetic)

I'm sorry, man...

Sheridan quickly spins around and runs out through the middle doorway--- PANAGLIDE up to the glass door as its pneumatic elbow slowly pushes it closed--- FRAME is in time to see Sheridan sprint across a concrete expanse (shoppers meander back and forth) and up a flight of wide granite steps, which in turn give way to a huge car park above.

TIME CUT

INT. TRUCK—PARKED

An out of breath Sheridan wrenches the driver's door open and leaps in. He slams the door closed and in a sheer state of nervousness, desperation and panic he grabs at the steering wheel, rocks backwards and forwards in his seat, pounds his fists on the steering wheel's rubber arc, rubs his hands through his hair, buries his face in his hands—Sheridan Banks takes all leave of his senses for a few seconds.

SHERIDAN (screams out)

NO! NO! NO! FUCKING SHIT! NO! I CAN'T DO—'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(he suddenly straightens up, tenses all his muscles, exhales, gathers his composure; he takes deep breaths, he speaks to himself in no more than a whisper) I can't do this. This is...fucking impossible...how am I supposed to...? (pause; stares into his eyes via the rear-view mirror) How am I supposed to do this? *Shit!* (he shakes his head, looks away, falls silent for a moment)

--and then--

Sheridan slides the key in the ignition slot and fires the engine, works the gear lever, lets off the hand-brake and twists around in his seat to look out through the rear windshield as—

INT. MULTI-STOREY CAR PARK. SHOPPING CENTRE—DAY

--the truck reverses from the parking stall, swings around in a tight curve, brakes hard, slides backwards a few feet; stops, engine ROARS, tyres squeal on concrete as Sheridan shifts gear and nails the accelerator. The truck speeds towards the EXIT RAMP.

TIME CUT

EXT. LARGE RESERVOIR BOATING MARINA—DAY

LOW ANGLE: of the SURFACE of TRANQUILL GREEN 'ALGE-INFESTED' WATER. This is the surface of a huge reservoir located (as will soon be revealed) in a very rural, picturesque area —SOUND OFF: of the powerful revs of a vehicle's engine, the sounds are relatively close by—the surface of the water is suddenly disturbed, rippling as something big and heavy enters the reservoir OFF SCREEN FRAME TILTS UPWARDS TO REVEAL: the shoreline 60 yards away, an expensive-looking four-wheel drive truck carefully backs its way down a BOAT LAUNCH with a trailer attached to its rear. Attached to the trailer is an equally expensive looking 'Rib Boat' dinghy, a big outboard motor is clamped to the dinghy's transom. The Rib Boat and trailer are already a third of the way submerged in the water. The driver of the truck backs it up very slowly and stops. Two men and woman wearing wet suits (laughing, talking, giving instructions to the driver) walk past the truck, down the length of the slipway and wade into the water.

Waist deep they take up their prospective positions around the trailer and dinghy. The group in wet suits begin to carefully unhook the Rib Boat—

A couple in full cycle gear ride past the top of the slipway on MOUNTAIN BIKES—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sun rays cut between patches of cloud, blanching the whole scene a bright white--

LONG SHOT: of the reservoir and marina seen from a different vantage point. FRAME SLOWLY PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: the entire length of the reservoir—it's a long, wide body of water which stretches out to the horizon. Steep hills on either side give way to dense woodland.

On the reservoir's left bank is collection of white-stone buildings, all of them constructed relatively close to the shoreline: a gift shop, storage buildings and a tea

room, a large Boating Club House is set further back up the hillside amongst the trees.

On the right side of the reservoir masses of trees have grown close to the water's edge, a 'well-trodden' dirt path skirts the shoreline—FRAME CONTINUES TO PULL BACK REVEALING: Sheridan stood on a raised concrete DAMHEAD which has been built diagonally across the entire width of the reservoir. The DAMHEAD represents a huge walkway connecting one shore to the other. Sheridan looks out over the water, apathetically watching everybody and everything while smoking a cigarette.

SOUND OFF: of a WATERFALL somewhere close by---

Sheridan scans the Marina and all the human commotion that encompasses it--

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the left-side shoreline: A father and his teenage son carry a two-man canoe. They walk slowly down toward the water, both of them clad in wet suits and bright orange life-jackets, each clutching an oar in hand.

--FRAME PANS RIGHT TO REVEAL—the couple on the MOUNTAIN BIKES as they rise up off the seats, pump the pedals and ride fast past the Tea Shop (visitors wander back and forth)—FRAME CRANES DOWNWARDS TO REVEAL: the collection of boats, yachts and pontoons moored together, undulating gently on the surface of the water.---

--CS: of Sheridan as he turns his head and looks at—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the trio responsible for the dinghy (in the middle distance) as they manoeuvre the RIB-BOAT into deeper water.—

--The two men left in the drink begin to haul themselves on-board. They laugh and talk to the woman already sat beside the motor's tiller getting ready to start the engine-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--CU: of Sheridan in PROFILE in the FOREGROUND-- as he watches the group in the dinghy---in the BACKGROUND- in the far distance, the left-bank of the reservoir can clearly be seen along the long length of the DAMHEAD—The couple riding the MOUNTAIN BIKES turn off the far shore onto the DAMHEAD and begin to ride fast towards where Sheridan is standing--

--the couple on the bikes streak past behind him. They each offer a smile and a pleasantry as they pass by, an *Afternoon* followed by a *Hi*. Sheridan nods his head in acknowledgement, watches them ride to the right bank. CU of Sheridan as he watches the couple on the MOUNTAIN BIKES ride off the DAMHEAD and into the woods, his gaze shifts a little as he registers something, something of high interest. Sheridan straightens up as he stares at--

--a TEN YEAR OLD BOY climbing over a WOODEN STILE constructed about twenty feet away—off to the left from the end of the DAMHEAD (which is maybe no more than 100 yards from where Sheridan is currently stood). The stile offers access to a secondary trail in the woods, this trail then cuts to a short, steep embankment which boasts a ‘well-traversed’ path leading down through the weeds to the path beside the shore below. At this very moment the TEN YEAR OLD BOY is climbing over the stile and the best part is: this ten year old boy appears to be by himself—a ten year old boy who looks anxious and dishevelled--

--Sheridan looks up and down the length of the DAMHEAD, checking to see if there is anybody around to notice the boy. There isn’t! Sheridan scans the immediate tree-line and the path emerging from the woods, the very path the boy just appeared from-- he waits a few moments, waits to see if any parental figures appear to claim responsibility for the boy. There’s nobody!

--Sheridan’s P.O.V. of the boy as he carefully works his way down the embankment (arms held out on either side of his body like his flying, aiding his balance) to the dirt path below---

SOUND OFF: of the Rib-Boat’s pull-cord being worked and the engine starting--

--Sheridan’s attention is momentarily drawn to the dinghy—

--Sheridan’s P.O.V. of the dinghy in the middle distance, drifting up reservoir.-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--With its engine ticking over the woman at the tiller throttles up causing the Rib-Boat to increase speed, all occupants on-board amuse themselves with laughter and conversation.

Every single person aboard the Rib-Boat fails to notice (mainly because they have their backs to him) the boy wandering along the dirt-path on the opposite shore, heading in the same direction as their boat.

--Sheridan's eyes flicker to-

Sheridan's P.O.V. of the left shoreline: the teenage boy and his father climb into their canoe and get themselves seated. Neither of them seem to have noticed Sheridan up on the DAMHEAD or the boy walking along the opposite shoreline --

--Sheridan stood on the DAMHEAD as he watches the father and son in the canoe for a short moment, he then turns his attention to the dinghy for a second, and then he looks down at the boy trudging the path---his facial features take on a cunning expression---

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the boy walking all by himself slowly receding into the distance.

--Sheridan takes one last cautionary look up and down the DAMHEAD, has one last long draw on his cigarette before flicking the butt-- off the end of his thumb-- into the water.

SHERIDAN (to himself)

There's your pay-load, Sherry!

Sheridan exhales plumes of smoke from his mouth and nose as he pushes his hands in his jacket pockets--full of purpose now, he heads to his right, walking fast, keeping the boy in sight as he goes. As Sheridan nears the end of the DAMHEAD

SOUND OFF: the WATERFALL increases in volume.

--LONG SHOT: LOW ANGLE: of the END OF THE DAMHEAD, seen from the opposite side to the reservoir. The damn is at least fifty feet high, a solid stone wall. Sheridan strides across the DAMHEAD, seen from the waist up only. The zenith of the stone wall obscures the rest of him from view. The rear of the DAMHEAD is concaved in sections and each section has a WATERFALL in its centre (noise of the falling water is loud here), each rectangular hole allows for the overspill of water from the reservoir to CASCADE into a separate pool below—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--Sheridan reaches the end of DAMHEAD, turns to his left and fast walks along a tarmac path that leads past the stile and off into the woods---

--CS: as Sheridan's booted right foot clomps down on the wooden stile. CRANE UPWARDS with Sheridan as he climbs up over the stile and drops down to the trail below --PANAGLIDE IN FRONT of him as he jogs down the embankment to the—

--dirt path that skirts the shoreline, Sheridan steps into FRAME (in PROFILE) and stops—

--Sheridan looks all about him for second, turns to his right and begins to follow the boy. PANAGLIDE BEHIND HIM as he pursues, in the middle distance, off to Sheridan's left, the Rib Boat is visible, slowly drifting up- reservoir. The father and his son in the canoe are now making ready to start paddling--

SOUND OF: the dinghy's motor changing gear and throttling up.

--PANAGLIDE IN FRONT as Sheridan ranges forwards, his gaze shifts between the fast disappearing dinghy, the canoe over by the opposite embankment, and the boy walking the path, in the distance, directly in front of him—

--LONG SHOT: of the right-side shoreline seen from the WATERLINE—FRAME skims the reservoir's surface by mere inches as the CAMERA MOVES/PANS SIDEWAYS. The canoe is in the FOREGROUND, the father and his son start paddling in the same direction as the dinghy, driving their ores through the water in a perfectly timed slow stroke. The father utters words of encouragement and direction to his son. Within seconds they're both rowing faster and faster, their canoe begins to cut through the water--in the BACKGROUND the boy strolls along the far-side shore, soon enough the canoe streams out of FRAME. FRAME keeps a slow PACE with the boy. Eventually a LARGE ARCHED STONE BOATHOUSE appears in FRAME and the boy walks behind it. CAMERA PANS BACK FAST THE WAY IT JUST CAME until the FRAME finds Sheridan. The CAMERA PAN STOPS AND PACES WITH HIM as he matches the boy's walking speed, deliberately keeping his distance, for the time being---

--PANAGLIDE IN FRONT of Sheridan, walking, watching the boy—

SOUND OFF: of the dinghy's motor droning away into the distance, the sound mixes with the withdrawing voices of the father and son in the canoe as they row up the reservoir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the boy on the path in the same stretch of distance, he saunters along, walking in the shadow of the BOATHOUSE—

--PANAGLIDE IN FRONT of Sheridan as he pursues and starts to stride faster—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the boy ambling along, he passes the BOATHOUSE and continues on his way, never once looks behind him. He faces front every step of the way—

--From the WATERLINE as the boy walks the far shore, FRAME keeps pace with him for a few moments---CAMERA STOPS and PANS BACKWARDS until the FRAME finds Sheridan and PACES WITH HIM, the very instant he comes into view from behind the ARCHED BOATHOUSE. Sheridan starts to close the distance between himself and the boy---

--PANAGLIDE IN FRONT of Sheridan as he continues his fast stride—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the boy as he walks around a tight radius curve in the path, stops, and suddenly cuts a sharp turn to his right, disappearing from view into the undergrowth, ambling his way through a hedgerow and off into the WOODS BEYOND—

--PANAGLIDE IN FRONT of Sheridan as he draws to a halt and considers the boy's action for a second. He quickly glances over his shoulder to see if anybody is following. There's no one! Sheridan turns on his heel, faces front and presses on---

--LONG SHOT: of the trail the boy just this second walked on to—THE TRAIL IS SEEN FROM WITHIN THE WOODS-- winding its way from the dirt path by the shore, cutting through the tall grass, through a gap in the hedgerow and leading the way through an archway of trees. At the very head of the trail Sheridan steps into FRAME—he slowly draws to a halt.

--CS of Sheridan as he hesitates, staring down the trail into the SHADOWY woods—

Sheridan's P.O.V of the woodland into which the trail leads, there's no sign of the boy--

--CS of Sheridan as he looks about him for a second, after a moment's hesitation he hastens after the boy—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--Sheridan's P.O.V. MOVING—(sound of his footfalls accompanying the visuals) along the trail, through the hedgerow, and then under the woods' gloomy canopy. SUNLIGHT stabs through the trees' branches--

--PANAGLIDE IN FRONT of Sheridan as he continues along the trail, eyes searching everywhere at once-

--PANAGLIDE BEHIND Sheridan as he purposefully walks ahead and suddenly stops, turns to his left; he sniffs at the air, smells something unpleasant. Sheridan starts forwards, stops, moves to his left, comes to a halt, stands on tip-toe and stares downwards. What Sheridan sees causes him to make a repulsed facial expression and cover his mouth with the palm of his right hand—

--Sheridan's P.O.V.—LOW ANGLE—of the ROTTED CORPSE OF A DEAD FOAL. The DEAD ANIMAL lies on its side on a patch of damp earth, surrounded by heavy undergrowth and thick bramble bushes. The foal's empty eye-socket seems to stare at Sheridan, yellowed skin stretches over its skeleton, maggots and flies crawl all over the carcass.—

--CS of Sheridan, looking like he's about to vomit, backs up and continues to follow the trail—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. MOVING FORWARDS—up ahead, the trees begin to thin out – there's a clearing –a LARGE RUINED, RED-BRICKED MANOR HOUSE can be seen through the screens of shrubbery---

--PANAGLIDE in front of Sheridan as he saunters along the trail, he stares at the RUINED HOUSE ahead--

--Sheridan's P.O.V. as the trees fan out in the FOREGROUND --the RUINED RED-BRICKED HOUSE seems to CREEP FORWARDS in the BACKGROUND as Sheridan approaches—

--Sheridan enters a wide clearing and lumbers to a stop, hesitates, walks forwards a few steps and stops again. He studies the RUINED HOUSE for a moment.

LONG SHOT: of Sheridan in the FOREGROUND—in the BACKGROUND—stands the DERILECT EDWARDIAN HOUSE with tiles missing from the roof, all the windows and doors boarded up. The property's grounds are totally overgrown, left to the ravages of neglect.

--CU of Sheridan as he surveys the emptiness of his surroundings and listens for a moment. He squints as he notices--for the first time--that there is no bird song. The woods and house appear encased in an eerie silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan's face betrays a certain inner-tension. Despite the DERILICT PROPERTY'S vaguely ominous atmosphere Sheridan starts forwards—

--LOW ANGLE: as Sheridan mounts a short flight of steps which lead up to a weed-choked patio. CRANE UPWARDS TO REVEAL: The once grand and affluent patio which boasts a 'weathered' moss-clad Baroque cast-iron fountain in its centre, the patio itself leads up to and indeed spans the entirety of the property's frontage.

The front door is barricaded with heavy timber sheeting. Sheridan stops and considers this ruined building for a moment---there seems to be no way in! Could a boy really be hiding in there? Sheridan glances to his right; he falters for a second and then begins to walk in the direction he's looking. Sheridan traverses the building's right-side—it's heavily overgrown here! Tree branches scrape at the property's walls. Sheridan has to duck underneath the branches weighed down by their heavy foliage as he closes in on--

ANGLE: a LARGE BAY WINDOW, boarded up just like the others—

--Sheridan steps up to and studies the BAY WINDOW for a moment. He examines each and every board of timber covering every single pane. His attention is drawn to the window ledge nearest to him. He squints at it, suspects something. Sheridan reaches forwards with his right hand and gently places his fingertips on the timber board. He pushes the board forwards a little—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the window ledge's base as the timber board *CREAKING LOUDLY!* moves away from the ledge's lip. The glass pane has been (long ago) smashed out! There's nothing to see but a wedge of sheer darkness on the inside—

--Sheridan pushes--with a little more effort—at the timber partition with the flat of his palms. The board swings—shrieking against the nails pounded into the frame up top-- further into the confines of the property, revealing a sizeable gap between the window ledge and the board's base. Big enough for a boy to climb through?! Definitely! Sheridan makes a quick decision and shoulders the board forwards as wide as it will go, clumsily he drops to his waist over the edge of the window sill and slides inside the house --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

INT. RUINED EDWARDIAN HOUSE—SITTING ROOM. DAY

--Sheridan crawls into the ruined house on his hands, as soon as his legs and feet drop from the window sill the board SNAPS closed over the glassless fissure.

TOTAL DARKNESS ENVELOPS HIM!

SOUND OFF: of Sheridan breathing heavy, rising to his feet, dusting off his hands, fumbles for something in his jacket pocket—a CLINK and CLICK! sound. Followed by a white spark....another CLICK!...a flash of white spark and---

--Sheridan's face is suddenly bathed with the orange glow cast from the flame of his Zippo-lighter. He stares quietly around the room and takes a few steps forwards---

SOUND OF: his footfalls crunching over miscellaneous chunks of rubble---

--Sheridan's P.O.V. --in the RUSTY HALF-LIGHT CAST FROM THE LIGHTER'S FLICKERING FLAME of the spacious sitting room now in an utter dilapidated state! A carpet of debris litters the stone floor. The plaster is cracked and mouldy and has fallen away from the wall, exposing the brickwork underneath. What pieces of furniture remain is in the same ruinous state as the rest of the building.---

---PANAGLIDE IN FRONT of Sheridan as he moves through the room, picking his way around the wreckage strewn floor. As he makes headway he glances up at the ceiling--

--HIGH ANGLE: of a cobweb encased tarnished bronze chandelier.

--The chandelier sways in a slight breeze rushing through the house. The breeze sounds like haunted moaning voices. Far below, Sheridan looks up at the swaying chandelier as he wanders passed underneath—

--PANAGLIDE BEHIND Sheridan as he approaches a door-less doorframe—

SHERIDAN (calls out)

Hello?!

His voice echoes off into the darkness. Nobody replies.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (lowers his voice)

Hello?

Sheridan moves with halting steps through the door-less doorway into--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

INT. RUINED EDWARDIAN HOUSE—HALLWAY DAY.

--the hallway. Just as stark and spoiled and filled with shadows as the sitting room. Sheridan moves cautiously towards a second doorframe, opposite the first, situated at the base of a once beautiful wooden staircase.

Sheridan thinks he hears something, hesitates and glances up the stairway towards the landing above--

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the stairway leading up to a small landing at the head of the stairs, two short flights of stairs jut off on either side of the landing, each set of risers gives way to a separate landing that in turn span the width of the entire house. It's real DARK up there!

Sheridan stands and listens. There's nothing! No sound of movement. He coughs and covers his mouth, makes a face, as if he just smelt something unpleasant.

SHERIDAN (low, under his breath)

Jesus! A smell to die for...

Sheridan moves a few steps to his left.

SHERIDAN (CONTD) (decides to try and smoke the boy out)

I know you're in here! (pause) I saw you come in... Some people on a boat saw you, too... Only matter of time before somebody else comes looking for ya.

No one answers. Only the low moan of the breeze soughing through the derelict house responds. Sheridan surveys the darkness all about him. He raises and lowers the lighter, cupping his hand over the spluttering flame whenever his movements threaten to blow it out--

--and then—

SOUND OFF: of a SUDDEN, SHARP sound of someone—or something—scuffing their weight over concrete; a quick movement over rough stone and then immediate silence—as if *that* someone is frightened of giving away their position.

Sheridan turns in the direction of the noise and listens intently for a second. The sound came from inside the room through the second doorway—the doorway at the base of the stairs, the doorway right in front of him. The room is cloaked in pitch darkness beyond. Sheridan guardedly starts forwards—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ANGLE: LONG SHOT: of Sheridan SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE as he wanders towards the doorway at the foot of the stairs. FRAME PANS SLOWLY FROM RIGHT TO LEFT as Sheridan moves from LEFT to RIGHT---

INT. RUINED EDWARDIAN HOUSE--DINING ROOM—DAY

FRAMED PERFECTLY in the open doorway is the glowing aura of Sheridan's chest, neck and face as he steps through into the BLACKNESS of what must have been the property's luxurious dining room in its day. It's a large room all cluttered with broken furniture at the far end. Lots of places to hide in-amongst the discarded furnishings! Sheridan draws to a halt for a moment and studies the piles of wrecked fixtures--looks to his left and falters for a second. Whatever Sheridan has just laid his eyes upon momentarily jumps the shit out of him.

After a second Sheridan breathes a notable sigh of relief as he realises something. He begins to close in on the dining room's far-side wall. He stares up at —

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of his OWN SPLIT MULTI-CAST REFLECTION seen in the shards of a broken Tortoise-shell mirror hung high on the wall. His reflections grows ever bigger as he slowly approaches—

--Sheridan situates him-self right in-front of the broken mirror, staring up at his splintered reflections for a moment—

--and then—

SOUND OFF: of another sharp noise of movement, of weight shifting over GRIT covered stone. The noise emanates from somewhere in amongst the pieces of stacked furniture---

CS of Sheridan as he turns his head and jolts around in the direction of the sound, staring; listening--

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the far end of the cluttered dining room. In the pitiful light thrown from his lighter's flame the humps and shapes of the discarded furniture can just be made out in the blackness. The entire house seems to have fallen deadly silent!

LONG SHOT: of Sheridan—in the FOREGROUND—as he begins to walk slowly and vigilantly towards the piles of abandoned furniture—in the BACKGROUND—

--CU PANAGLIDE IN FRONT of Sheridan as he closes in on the stacks of furnishings, eyes searching everywhere at once--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (calls out)

I wanna help you! (pause) I really do...

No response. Sheridan falters for a moment and then keeps moving.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (his tone kind and filled with concern)

I, uh, I really do wanna help you, kid. I know you're probably frightened...but, uh, I...there's no need to be. (pause) You see helping lost and frightened children is, uh, is basically what I do.

No response. No sound. PANAGLIDE BEHIND Sheridan as he moves into a makeshift narrow passageway between masses of stacked furniture. He stops for a second and listens; he then hauls a chair (one handed) out of his way. He dumps it on-top of a load of aged furniture off to his right. Every move he makes sounds incredibly amplified, ear-piercingly loud in the dim quietness, each and every noise *CRASHES BACK* off the walls and ceiling.

No sooner than Sheridan has let go of the chair—and in his effort to move it—he drops the lighter. The flame snuffs out-- COMPLETE DARKNESS!

SHERIDAN V/O

Ah, Shit!

SOUND OF: Sheridan scrambling for his lighter—he finds it and immediately re-ignites the flame—PANAGLIDE CLOSE-UP of his face, as he starts forwards and works his way between a stack of decaying chairs and a half destroyed mahogany wardrobe. Sheridan pivots and draws to a sudden stand-still. He stares downwards at--

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of an old knee-hole desk pushed into a corner of the room. And poking out from underneath this knee-hole desk is a pair of scuffed, dusty shoed, size 3 child's feet.—

--MS of Sheridan as his facial expression takes on that familiar cunning look. He slowly lowers himself to his haunches-

--Sheridan's P.O.V. CRANE LOW as he squats down toward the floor. As he does so the boy's feet quickly slide out of sight.—

--CU of Sheridan crouching, leaning forwards, staring in the direction of the gap in the knee-hole desk, off to his immediate left.--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (voice friendly, soothing, parental)

It's like we're playing "hide and seek", huh? (pause) When I was a little boy I used to play that game all the time with my sister in my Grandfather's garage. He used to own a great big garage full of delivery trucks. It was kinda spooky in there at night; and in the day, too (pause)... kinda like this place. (pause) I know you're under the desk, kid. I saw your feet.

SOUND OFF: of a thump! from inside the knee-hole as the boy shifts his weight.

Sheridan shuffles forwards a little.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Hey listen, I, er, I'm gonna start a small fire right here. (laughs nervously) You see, I gonna run out of fuel for the flame on my lighter pretty soon... So, I'll light a small fire, right here... I'll be real careful mind... I've no idea how the hell you find your way around here in the dark... I couldn't do it! You must eat lots of carrots, huh, kid? (smiles to himself)

Sheridan gestures to the ground right in-front of him and just like an experienced boy-scout he begins to pluck pieces of old paper and kindling from off the floor and the furniture around him. He stacks a small collection of waste material together and carefully lights it, within seconds the flames rise and brighten. Sheridan carries on speaking soothingly to the boy as he works on maintaining the fire.

SHERIDAN (CONTD)

...Like I said I'll be real careful...because we wouldn't wanna burn the whole place down now would we? We wouldn't want that! I make a fire I gotta keep a close eye on the sucker, right! (laughs and motions to the fire—he speaks to himself as much to the boy) There we go! And that's how you make successful camp-fires children! Only don't go trying this indoors at home! Okay? (laughs and smiles)

There's no sign of movement or any kind of reaction from beneath the desk. Sheridan alternates his attention between the knee-hole desk and tending the fire.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

You know, you picked one hell of a place to hide out. There's no way I'd of hid in the dark...in a place like this when I was your age. I would have been scared out of my wits to come inside an old empty house like this, all by myself. (pause) You must be a very brave little boy...or a very frightened one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

You see, I think a little boy having to hide in a place like this all by him-self *needs* help. And like I said I wanna help you...

Sheridan starts to fan the flames a little causing the fire to intensify. His indoor bomb-fire is really throwing out some heat and light now. The occasional timber knot in the kindle *SNAPS!* loudly amid the flames. Sheridan crouches closer towards the desk, crawling on his hands and knees.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (soothing voice, coughs over the smoke a bit)

Now, I just wanna talk to ya---that's all. I'm not gonna touch ya under there. I just wanna talk. Okay?

Sheridan's P.O.V. as he crawls ever closer to the knee-hole's opening—FRAME PANAGLIDES FORWARDS and slowly PANS to the LEFT to REVEAL: the most frightened looking ten year old boy hiding beneath the desk.

He has squashed himself up against the very back of the knee-hole, slumped in one corner with his knees up close to his chest and his arms wrapped tight around his shins. The boy stares wide-eyed at Sheridan, trembling. His clothes are dirt-stained and ragged, looks as if he's been wearing the same attire for a long time.

ANGLE: of Sheridan, on his hands and knees, looking in at the boy via the knee-hole's opening—

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (speaks with a big friendly smile on his face)

Well, hello, hi. How're you doing? What'cha ya doing under here? (pause) Are you lost? Are you looking for someone, waiting for someone? (pause)

The boy doesn't answer. He just sits trembling and staring at Sheridan. The boy's wide-open eyes (in the glow played from the fire) seem to shine inhumanly, like those of a wolf's. If Sheridan notices this he chooses not to mention it for now.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Did somebody leave you here? Are you hiding from somebody, is that what's going on? (pause) You know, you can tell me anything, kid. You don't have to be afraid. (pause) Look, my name is Sheridan. What's yours?

The boy offers no answer, he just stares at Sheridan; wide-eyed and frightened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Gonna give me the old silent treatment, huh? (smiles) You know, we're not gonna get too close to being friends if you won't speak to me. (pause) I mean how, how are we ever gonna get to know each other? How can I, I possibly help you if you won't tell me anything, huh? (pause) Listen, how about you come out from under there so we can talk? What'd ya say? If you just take my hand----'

Sheridan reaches in under the desk and makes to grab one of the boy's wrists.

Immediately the boy flinches back, lets out a high-pitched bird-like squeal married with a dog-like snarl. He starts to breathe rapidly through his nose and mouth. The boy shivers with sheer fear—eyes staring wide at Sheridan. In response to the boy's noises and actions Sheridan jolts back, stays low on his knees, rests his buttocks on his heels, raises his arms out straight, palms up, in a stop gesture—a *take it easy* gesture.

Sheridan does his best to quickly re-assure the boy.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (speaks in a low and soothing voice; his demeanour sincere)

Hey, it's okay. It's okay. It's okay. Calm down. I'm not gonna hurt you. (pause) Okay. I, uh, I just wanna talk, that's all I wanna do. (pause) I appreciate you're really scared but there's no need to be. (pause) I just wanna make sure you're safe. That's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but... That's the only reason why I followed you in here, kid. I just wanted to make sure you're okay. I, uh, I, err, just wanted to offer you a safe place to go, you know, if you needed it, uh... (pause) If you got people chasing you, I got a, a place...a place where you can be warm and safe! Nothing will happen to you. I promise! You can come and stay with me...you know...if you want to.

The boy doesn't answer; he keeps on staring hard at Sheridan and shivering. The boy's breathing slowly starts to ease up. Regardless of the boy's refusal to speak Sheridan continues to try and re-assure him. OFF FRAME: Behind Sheridan the fire is fast losing its heat and light. Deep dark shadows start to creep in around Sheridan, the knee-hole desk and particularly the boy underneath it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(pause; turns away from the boy and peers over his shoulder for a moment at the fire)...I've been talking for so long the fires going out...(turns to look at the boy) probably not a bad thing... Listen, kid, there are people who saw you, saw you come inside this house... Now, I heard em' talking and they said they're coming in here after you...and you and I both know that these people just think they're helping out by telling the authorities, but all the authorities will do is take *you away* and lock you up in some facility somewhere. Believe me I know what I'm talking about. *I've been* in those places myself, when I was a boy, lots and lots and lots of times. I would've been about your age. You see, we can't have defenceless children wandering around on their own, now, can we? Lots of people will be able to do all kinds of things to you. And they'll be able to do those things, not very nice things, whenever they want to, as many times as they want... *If they* take you away and put you into care, kid, you'll never be safe or happy again. *I don't* want that to happen... I wanna help you... (pause) You see I live in a static home, a caravan...its out in the woods, it's real nice. I got lots of food and drink; lots of games and toys and stuff to do out there. (pause) I'll be your friend. I'll protect you, I'll keep you safe—I won't let anything happen to you. (pause) Now, my truck is parked just across the lake... What'd ya say you and me take a little walk together, get in my truck and get outta here before those people show up? Go and get some food and something to drink... (pause; smiles) I can tell you're thinking about it, kid. And *I'm not* gonna leave until you find your tongue and give me an answer. (pause; waits a second) So, *your* answer to my very kind proposal *is*... (glances over his shoulder at the fire; looks back at the boy, gestures for him to answer, he smiles, waits patiently, glances over his shoulder again at the dying fire) Well, I suppose I'm gonna have to throw some more shit on the fire, keep it going a little while longer, huh? *If you're* not gonna give me an answer to my question any time soon. (waits patiently for a short moment; his smile widens, nods his head 'Yes.' accepts the boy's chosen mute state) Okay. If that's the way you wanna play it...

Sheridan crawls backwards away from the desk and—

--MS as he slides along on his knees toward the pitiful flames of his indoor bomb-fire. Sheridan starts throwing paper off the floor into the flames. As the flames rise-- In the BACKGROUND the boy silently creeps out from underneath the desk, in the stark contrast of light and shadows he's no more than a silhouette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy remains as still as a statue. Sheridan fails to sense the boy's presence for a few moments. He's too busy tending to the fire.

BOY (he speaks in the most unusual accent; a mixture of eastern and western European idiom; his tone a husky whisper)

I cannot leave this place.

Sheridan quickly turns at the waist, slightly unnerved and surprised by the boy's silent manoeuvre, along with the sudden sound of his voice.

--Man and boy stare at each other for a moment.

SHERIDAN

How come?

BOY

I'm waiting for my Popsy.

Sheridan slowly rises to his feet. The boy and Sheridan continue to study one another, neither makes a move.

SHERIDAN

Where did your old man go?

The boy shrugs and shakes his head, 'No.'

Sheridan desperately tries to figure this one out.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (disbelievingly)

Your Dad left you here?

The boy nods his head, 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

--When did he leave?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY

Four whole days...

SHERIDAN (Incredulously)

Your old man left you here all by yourself for four days?!

The boy nods his head, 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN

I can't believe this. (pause) So when's he coming back?

The boy shrugs and shakes his head 'No.' The boy suddenly gets all guarded and self-conscious, shrinks back a few steps. His eyes never leave Sheridan's face.

BOY (voice really low & whispery)

--My Popsy always returns...My Popsy is coming back for me...

Sheridan watches the boy real close, notices the sudden change in his demeanour. He frowns at the boy's newly guarded poise.

SHERIDAN

What's wrong?

TWO SHOT LOW ANGLE: of Sheridan and the boy—Sheridan in the FOREGROUND, the boy in the BACKGROUND. SOUND OFF: of weight shifting in one of the upstairs rooms. The floorboards over-head *CREAK* and *GROAN* ominously for a couple of seconds. The sounds swiftly dissipate to utter silence.

--The boy stares up at the ceiling—

--Sheridan glances up at the ceiling. His gaze quickly drops back to the boy--

SHERIDAN (cautious)

Is your old man upstairs?

The boy's eyes flicker from the ceiling to Sheridan. He shakes his head 'No.'

The boy and Sheridan continue to stare at each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm gonna be leaving soon. I was kinda hoping you'd come with me.
(pause) I don't think it's a good idea you stay here all by yourself. If those people come...they'll take you away...and they won't bring you back...

BOY

But my Popsy...I'm waiting for him...

SHERIDAN

Alright, I'm gonna speculate here: you and your old man are squatting, illegally! Yeah? He's gone out to work, or he's a crook gone off to take care of business and left you here all by yourself; in good faith, something like that, yeah?

The boy nods his head, 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Okay. And you agreed to keep quiet and outta sight in his absence, right?

The boy nods, 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

So what happened today? Why did I see you out *there* if you'd promised to stay in *here*?

BOY

I was hungry...

SHERIDAN

So you do want something to eat? Okay.

The boy nods, 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

So come home with me, stay outta sight, stay safe, we'll grab some chow and I promise to bring you back here later on. (pause) So you can rendezvous with your Daddy, yeah? (smiles)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY (uncertain, voice still low and whispery)

Do you promise to do this?

SHERIDAN

Cross my heart--

BOY

--To bring me back?

SHERIDAN (ever the uncertain liar)

--Right to the door. (pause) I love to break rules but I hate to break promises. Especially to a young boy such as your-self! (pause; shrugs) So don't you worry-- I'll keep you safe and I also promise to bring you back here tonight! But you gotta act like we're friends when we get outside, hold my hand, smile and talk, stuff like that... Can you do that?

The boy nods his head, 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Good! 'Cause if you don't those people are gonna notice us, someone will report us; I'll get arrested and they'll wind up taking *you* away. So don't look scared like you do now. (pause) Act like we're friends, act like I'm your uncle or something... Okay?

The boy nods 'Yes' and takes a couple of steps forwards. As he does so his eyes catch the glow from the dying flames of the fire. His eyes instantly emanate that hypnotic wolf-like shine.

Sheridan notices the boy's eyes and glowers a little.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (points at the boy's eyes)

Christ, kid, that's a hell of a pair of peepers you got there. (pause) You and your old man must spend a lot of time hiding in the dark, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy just stares at Sheridan.

After a moment, Sheridan offers the boy a friendly smile. He steps back astride of the fire and begins to stamp out the last of the burning residue.

CU of the boy—staring at Sheridan-- as the SHADOWS (with each one of Sheridan's foot stamps) close in all around him—HOLD ON THE BOY'S FACE right up to the last moment before the firelight dies out. The HYPNOTIC GLOW REFLECTED in the boy's eyes VIA THE FIRELIGHT *really* intensifies for a few seconds before the darkness closes in. For a few passing seconds there is nothing but DARKNESS and SILENCE--

---and then—

SOUND OFF: LOUD CLICK! followed by a bright white spark and the ignition of Sheridan's lighter flame.

CU of Sheridan as he brings the lighter's flame level with his face---

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Are you ready to go?

TIME CUT

EXT. RUINED EDWARDIAN HOUSE—DAY

LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE: as Sheridan and the boy take their leave of the deserted Edwardian House FAR BELOW. They walk side-by-side, Sheridan still attempts to elicit conversation with the boy. What Sheridan talks about remains inaudible!

CAMERA PULLS BACK over the pitched roofs of the Edwardian House---OVER the peak of the RIDGE TILES and THE CHINMEY POTS-- TO REVEAL: a GIANT HOLE SMASHED through one of the roofs to the rear of the property. The hole GAPES wide open from the peak of the roof all the way down to the barge boards. ROOF JOISTS REMAIN VISBLE, several BROKEN CLEAN IN HALF, SLATE and BATTENS TORN AWAY! It is difficult to tell if this damage is the result of natural decay, or has 'something' DUG its way in through the roof in order to gain entrance and exit to the property?

HOLD ON THE GAPING HOLE IN THE ROOF as the FRAME ZOOMS FAST towards the opening and passes through it—TO REVEAL:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

INT. RUINED EDWARDIAN HOUSE. LOFT SPACE. DAY

--the shadowy gloom in the loft space—In-among the darkness are lots of skeletal corpses of massacred horses and other slay mammals in varying stages of decomposer. FRAME GLIDES OVER the slaughtered animals, DRIFTS over to the far wall where a shaft of sunlight pokes through a gap in the roof REVEALING: a decapitated corpse of a human illuminated by a pillar of dusty light. The corpse is sat slumped against the wall. CRANE DOWNWARDS TO REVEAL: the deceased's rotted SKULL, cast heedlessly to the floor, the jaw wide open in a silent scream.

TIME CUT

INT. TRUCK—PARKED (WOODLAND AREA)---DAY

Sheridan, already sat in the driver's seat, leans across the passenger side and snatches the door open. The passenger door swings wide open into FRAME and Sheridan beckons to--

REVERSE ANGLE: Sheridan's P.O.V. of the boy stood beside the passenger side of the truck, staring in at him.

Sheridan's truck is parked in a gravelled car-park surrounded by deep and shady woodland.

SHERIDAN

Step into my parlor, little buddy.

The dishevelled boy hesitates for a second, seems a bit uncertain, and then, after a moment, he slowly climbs inside the truck. He sits staring at Sheridan, hands clasped in his lap. He doesn't make a move. He doesn't close the door.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (smiles and gestures)

Well, close the door... We can't go anywhere 'till you close the door.

The boy APATHETICALLY turns and looks at the open passenger door for a moment. The boy hesitates as if uncertain over what he has just been asked to do—then, as if he's suddenly figured it out, he leans forwards and pulls the door closed. *CLUMP!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy turns his head and stares back at Sheridan.

CS of Sheridan—a big smile of triumph spreads across his face. He's got the boy right where he wants him now! Sheridan, with that big smile still plastered on his face slides the key in the ignition and fires the engine.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Put your seat-belt on.

The boy stares at Sheridan—AFTER A MOMENT—he scowls at him. The boy doesn't have a clue what Sheridan is talking about.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Your seat-belt! *Here!* This thing!

Sheridan, a bit impatient, reaches across the boy and grabs the steel clasp on the passenger seat-belt. He pulls the belt from over the boy's shoulder, positions it over his torso, and *CLICKS!* the clasp into its designated holder.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

There we go. All strapped in... 'cause we don't want you to fall out?

The boy shakes his head 'No'. He just sits and intently watches Sheridan.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Are you comfortable?

The boy nods his head, 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Good! 'Cause comfort and safety are important. (pause) I'm betting your Dad doesn't drive a car?

Sheridan drops the transmission into gear and lets off the safety brake.

The boy shakes his 'No.'

BOY

My Popsy has no need...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (sardonically; scornfully)

Yeah? So how does your old man get around from one place to another? (smiles; laughs) I'll bet a flashy guy like your Dad owns a chauffeur driven *Rolls Royce* or does he maybe have a helicopter?

The boy shakes his head, 'No.'

BOY

He's fast...

The boy stares at Sheridan.

Sheridan stares back at the boy for a few seconds and frowns.

SHERIDAN (disbelieving tone)

--Are you saying your Daddy is faster than a car (even more disbelief in his tone)...faster than helicopter?

BOY (repeats)

He's fast...

Sheridan is not really sure what on earth the kid is implying. He eventually breaks eye contact, shrugs, shakes his head and lets the clutch up. The truck rolls backwards.

SHERIDAN (sighs; perplexed with the boy's statements)

Okay. (clicks the radio on) How about some music, huh?

SOUND OF: pop music blaring out from the built-in speakers.

CU of the boy wincing at the BEAT of the music--as if it hurts his ears.

TIME CUT

INT. TRUCK—MOVING--DAY

In the FOREGROUND the ghostly reflection of the boy's pallid face staring out through the passenger-side window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

In the BACKGROUND motor-cars, heavy-goods vehicles, cars with small caravans attached to their tow-bars and motorbikes ROAR past, sweeping by in the slow lane as Sheridan's battered truck overtakes them in the fast lane.

Beyond the edge of the carriageway is a guard rail and large jagged rocks---beyond the rocks is the ocean. The surface of which is gun-metal grey, choppy and white-tipped.

The high-tide's combers hit the craggy rocks and erupt in huge sheets of spray.

The boy watches everything in silent wonder. He's wide-eyed and mystified; totally absorbed by all the activity—both man-made and natural—it's as if he seldom ever has the chance to experience the world around him. Periodically the boy covers his ears mimicking the monkey who hears no evil, grimacing at the sounds of pop-music beating out from the radio speakers.

Sheridan—as he drives—switches his attention between the boy and the road. Sheridan is the picture of a man perfectly relaxed. He's got what he needs! Sheridan notices the boy cupping his ears, appearing as if in some discomfort. After a moment—he can't help but ask:

SHERIDAN

You got ear-ache? What's the matter with you?

BOY (points at the speakers behind his seat)

Those...

SHERIDAN

The speakers...? The music...? (pause; frowns) You don't like listening to music?

The boy shakes his head, 'No.' He cups his ears.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

You want me to turn it down? It's too loud, huh?

The boy nods his head, 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Okay. I'll turn it down. All you had to do was say something earlier...it's no problem, little buddy. (turns the music down) Is that better?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy shakes his head, 'No.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

No! Are you serious? You want me to turn it down some more?

The boy nods his head, 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Christ Almighty kid! Turn it down anymore and we won't be able to hear it. (turns the music down real low) How's that?

The boy shakes his head, 'No.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (annoyed)

Okay. I'll just turn it off then! (switches the radio off) How's that? Is that better for ya, huh? You like it quiet?

The boy nods his head, 'Yes.' He takes his hands away from his ears.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Well, it's quiet now! (pause; annoyed) No music! We'll just drive in silence all the way home, huh?

That's exactly what they do--they drive in silence for a short while. The boy turns and looks out through the passenger-side window again. While Sheridan concentrates on the road, cursing under his breath, shooting the boy the odd occasional irritated glance.

After a few moments pass, Sheridan notices the boy's interest in the sea and the constant tidal motion. Once again he decides to attempt some conversation.

SHERIDAN

Do you like the ocean?

The boy nods his, 'Yes.' He keeps watch on the vehicles droning past and the waves striking the rocks, he doesn't turn to look at Sheridan.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Does your Dad ever take you fishing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy shakes his head, 'No.' He keeps on staring out through the passenger side-window. He doesn't look round at Sheridan.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

--Or what about swimming?

The boy shakes his head, 'No.' He keeps the back of his head to Sheridan.

After a long pause between the two of them:

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (sighs; a little exasperated)

You don't talk much do you?

The boy turns, looks directly at Sheridan and speaks to him in a very knowing, accusing tone of voice.

BOY

That's because you talk all the time.

Sheridan locks onto the boy with a stern stare. For couple of moments it seems Sheridan is un-sure how to respond to the boy's reproachful statement—and then—his stern facial features break with a great, big shit-eaters grin.

SHERIDAN

Yeah. (turns his attention back to the road) You're right, little buddy. (nods his head, 'Yes.') I do talk too much.

Sheridan fetches out a packet of cigarettes from his jacket pocket.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

You could talk for a little while. You've barely said anything since we first met.

Sheridan clasps the tip of a cigarette between his lips and slides it out from the pack. He notices it's the last one.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

It's gotta be your turn to talk and tell...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY

-Tell what?

Sheridan crushes the empty packet and tosses it over his shoulder. He then plucks his lighter from his jacket pocket, lights his cigarette, cranks his side-window open a bit. He switches his attention between the road and the boy as he talks.

SHERIDAN (shrugs)

Tell me your name for starters. Who are you? Tell me what your old man was doing abandoning you in that house back there. How come you don't like music? (pause) Everybody loves music! Listening to music is relaxing, it's entertaining—it's fun! What's going on with you? (pause; considers something) Don't you go to school? You don't look like you went to school today. Do you even have a school to go to?

The boy shakes his head, "No."

BOY

My Popsy teaches me everything I need to know. I'm waiting to become.

SHERIDAN (puzzled)

To become?! (pause)...To become what?

BOY

To become like my Popsy!

SHERIDAN (patronizingly; confused)

Really! What does your Mom think about all this?

The boy shakes his head, "No."

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (still lost)

Well, what's going on with your family? Are they on the run? Who are your family? Where's your Mom?

BOY (severely)

I don't have a mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (falters a bit)

You mean she's dead? Did your mother die? Is that what you're talking about?
(pause) It's okay. My mother's dead too. (pause; shrugs) So when did *your* Mom die?

The boy shakes his head, 'No.'

BOY

I don't have a mother...

SHERIDAN (getting frustrated with the boy's cryptic statements)

Oh, come on, kid, everybody has a mother!

The boy stares long and hard at Sheridan before he answers.

BOY

I don't.

SHERIDAN (annoyed)

You don't?! I'll tell ya what you don't have: what you don't have is any fucking charisma, kid! You're vague—you're too vague! In fact, you're so vague you're up to the point where you don't make any sense... No wonder your old man leaves you in dark places all by yourself! I'll bet he's determined the same thing I have in the short time I've spent with you---that spending time with you is one hard fucking chore, son! It's like trying to get blood outta of a stone attempting conversation with you. (pause) Why are you such a little freakshow, huh? (pause) Why won't you just talk to me like any normal person? (pause) Any answer at all there, kid?

The boy impassively stares at Sheridan during his entire speech and then, when said-speech ends, the boy silently turns his head and looks out through the passenger-side window. A thoroughly pissed-off Sheridan turns his full attention to the road ahead.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (speaks to himself, under his breath; sarcastically)

Fucking great! Ignorance is bliss... (pause) I can see that this is gonna be a *real* fun-filled evening in with you, kid... (pause) Sooner I off-load you in the morning the better! My only wish is I---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan stops himself, grimaces and covers his mouth with the back of his hand. He quickly realises that in his frustration he's probably just said too much. Sheridan deliberately keeps his gaze on the road. He does his best not to look at the boy.

The boy, however, quickly turns and fixes Sheridan with a hard, contemplative stare.

CU of the boy as he continues to glare at Sheridan, he suddenly straightens his back, his nostrils start flaring; eyes go wide... His breathing becomes rapid—he reels back in his seat. It's as if he's suddenly senses something about Sheridan that stirs both fear and dis-trust in him.

Sheridan glances over at the boy, notices the sudden change with his behaviour, and frowns. Sheridan flicks his half-smoked cigarette out the window and shrugs.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (feigns casualness)

What? (pause) What's wrong now?

The boy DEAD STARES Sheridan for a few seconds longer—and then—his facial features contort in an expression of sheer rage.

BOY (screams out again and again)

YOU'RE DRAC! YOU'RE DRAC! YOU'RE DRAC!

Sheridan falters, startled by the boy's unexpected outbursts.

SHERIDAN (raises his voice over the boy's shouting)

What?! (becoming increasingly flustered) I'M A WHAT? WHAT THE FUCK IS A DRAC? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

Sheridan quickly switches his attention between the boy and the busy carriageway. The boy keeps screaming out his chant over and over. He then tries to 'unsuccessfully' rip his seat-belt off and frenetically attempt to climb out of his seat anyway he can.

BOY

YOU'RE DRAC! YOU'RE DRAC! YOU'RE DRAC! TAKE ME BACK! I WANT TO SEE MY POPSY!

Sheridan—fully realising where the boy's bucking and fighting against his seat-belt is going-- leans across and tries to hold him down. While doing his best to steer the truck (one-handed) and hold the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (shouts out)

HEY?! HEY?! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? STAY IN YOUR SEAT!

QUIT FUCKING AROUND, KID! HEEY?! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING? STAY IN YOUR SEAT! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YO—'

The boy reacts FIERCLY towards Sheridan, AS SOON AS Sheridan lays his hand on him the boy punches and slaps and makes real efforts to slug Sheridan in the face. He snarls and bears his teeth. He behaves like a feral animal, screeching and growling giving the situation everything he's got.

The boy's aggressive reaction catches Sheridan completely off-guard. Suddenly, with powerful muscularity, the boy lunges at Sheridan's face and--

--ECS: of the boy's fingertips/nails gouging at Sheridan's eyes, DRAWING BLOOD over his left eyelid--

ANGLE: of Sheridan as he screams out and pitches back—as he does so—his right-hand inadvertently JOLTS the steering wheel harshly to the left—which causes—

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING--DAY

--the truck to swerve violently into the *SLOW LANE BEFORE SWINGING BACK* into the fast lane, Sheridan's truck fish-tails viciously back and forth over both lanes for a few seconds before straightening up in the *FAST LANE*. *DRIVERS* sound their *HORNS*. *BRAKE LIGHTS FLARE!* *SOUND OF: TYRES SHRIEK* over asphalt as car wheels *LOCK-UP*, braking hard!

INT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

Sheridan lurches in his seat, pressing the heel of his left hand over his injured eye.

While still doing his absolute best to control the steering, hold the road, and manage the incensed boy --all at the same time.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

YOU LITTLE MOTHERFUCKER! YOU NEARLY BLINDED MEEE, YOU LITTLE PISS-ANT!!

BOY (overlapping, voice high, cracking)

YOU DRAC! YOU DRAC! I NEED TO GO BACK TO MY POPY!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy suddenly turns and leans towards the passenger door, it takes him a few seconds to figure out the door-handle but once he does he wrenches on it and shouldered the door WIDE OPEN.

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

--Despite the fact the boy still has his seat-belt on he- 'nevertheless'-attempts to jump from the speeding truck's cab. In the slow lane, the driver of a saloon (driving parallel with Sheridan's truck) hits the brakes and the horn. The saloon swerves towards the GUARD RAIL, and then DROPS BACK horn blaring. SOUND OFF: of more car-horns and the shriek of TYRES as drivers' hurriedly apply their BRAKES.

The screaming boy hangs out the passenger side, straining against his seat-belt straps, holding the passenger door wide open against the blast of the wind, arms and legs flailing.

INT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

SHERIDAN

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING? GET THE FUCK BACK IN HERE!!

Sheridan instinctively SNAPS off his own seat belt, dives towards the boy and grabs hold of his shoulder. Sheridan then yanks the boy back inside the truck with real force. In his lapse of concentration, however, the truck swings sharply into the SLOW LANE, into the space occupied by the saloon a moment ago, and SLEWS straight towards the GUARD RAIL.

In re-action to Sheridan grabbing hold of him the boy TWISTS around at the waist, throws his head back and—with a horrible bird-like screech—grips Sheridan's hand in both of his own, *YAWNS HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN*, and---

ECS: of the boy's mouth, his teeth, the second before he bites Sheridan: the boy possesses the SHARPEST-LOOKING CANINES ever seen!

The boy's head races down towards Sheridan's hand and he bites between his thumb and index finger! Blood squirts out from the bite wound! The boy viciously shakes his head from side-to-side as he attacks Sheridan's hand like a savage dog.

Sheridan SCREAMS OUT in pure pain, arches his back, and throws himself 'bodily' towards the driver's side of the truck! The boy—from his waist up, seat-belt holds him in place—goes RIGHT ALONG with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN

GET THE FUCK OFF ME! YOU LITTLE FUCKING SHIT!

The boy's teeth remain clamped over Sheridan's hand. Wracked in pain and desperate to try and pry the boy's jaws off his lacerated hand a SCREAMING Sheridan—

--LOW ANGLE: brings his booted feet down on both the BRAKE and CLUTCH PEDAL—

--next second—

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

--with the *BRAKES FULL-ON AND THE ROAR OF TYRES SLIDING OVER CONCRETE* the truck *COLLIDEDS WITH THE GUARD RAIL*, there's an ear-piercing SCREECH and SCRAPE of METAL ON METAL! The truck's *IMPACT* with the guard rail slams the flapping wide open passenger door *CLOSED!*

The truck *JOUNCES* and *REBOUNDS OFF THE GUARD RAIL*—

INT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

--Both Sheridan and the boy get thrown around inside the cab like they're in a tumble drier.--

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING--DAY

--*THE DAMAGED TRUCK* drops backwards extremely fast! TYRES SQUEALING! Sheridan's truck ZIG-ZAGS UNCONTROLLABLY all over the carriageway!

INT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

--a pained and screaming Sheridan fights to control the steering while attempting to fend/fight off the boy, who is still biting down on his hand.—

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING--DAY

--Directly behind Sheridan's truck—as his vehicle skids from side-to-side, hurtling backwards—a convertible and two estate cars veer over to the fast lane, narrowly avoiding the 'on-coming' hard braking truck---

LONG SHOT: - of FAST MOVING vehicles emergency manoeuvres along the immediate length of the carriageway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The vehicles sudden change of lanes cause a stream of cars and commercial vehicles travelling behind Sheridan's truck to brake hard or suddenly change lanes unpredictably---SOUND OF: of a chaos of car HORNS and the SHRIEK OF HOT RUBBER ON APHALT!

LOW ANGLE: of a 6x4 heavy commercial vehicle's rear twin tyres the moment the driver hastily applies the brakes. The BIG tyres LOCK-UP, BLUE SMOKE POURS OFF the TYRES TRIM with a ROAR of RUBBER GRINDING on TARMAAC! The entire heavy goods-vehicle bounces as its LOAD SHIFTS ERRATICALLY, causing some serious torsion.

The front-end of the FAST BRAKING COMMERCIAL VEHICLE BARRELS DOWN on an equally fast-braking estate car!

MS: of the commercial vehicle's driver—seen through his windscreen—as he desperately changes down the gears, booted feet pump the brakes. His lips form a perfect O in shock and alarm over the estate car he's quickly closing the distance on —

---The estate car's rear-end almost kisses the heavy-goods vehicle's front-end! At the last possible moment the estate manages to PULL AHEAD while the 6x4 RAPIDLY SLOWS and FALLS BACK!

LOW ANGLE: seen from the front as the 6X4's OFF-SIDE rear-end slides towards the CENTRAL RESERVATION, closing the gap as the back-end of the truck bears down on the steel rails. REVERSE ANGLE: SEEN FROM BEHIND THE BIG VEHICLE at the exact moment the towering rear-end SMASHES into the METAL RAILING with a *THUNDEROUS CLANG!* The impact with the central reservation produces a SPRAY of SWIRLING MUDDY DIRT and DEBRIS to SPLATTER into the CAMERA FRAME.

INT. TRUCK—MOVING--DAY

Sheridan is still fighting with the boy. He musters some inner-strength and hauls the boy chewing on his hand upwards by extending his left arm so that the boy's head is level with his own. Blood streams over Sheridan's wrist. The boy keeps his teeth imbedded in Sheridan's hand. Sheridan—with a ROAR of pain let's go of the steering wheel and punches the boy a POWERFUL RIGHT HOOK delivered straight to his nose. The bridge of the boy's nose breaks apart (blood as black as beetle blood spurts from his nose) and he SCREAMS OUT, JERKS BACK and crumples down onto the passenger seats. The boy's hands go up to his face as he lets out a string of high-pitched squeals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--LOW ANGLE: of Sheridan's booted foot lifting off the brake pedal and nailing the accelerator—

--Sheridan, panting, sweating with fear and the adrenaline rush, grips the steering wheel with his right hand, nurses his bleeding left under his right arm-pit. He manages to bring the truck under control.

The boy's screaming subsides. He lies curled up on the two-seater passenger seat, shivering, crying into his hands.

SHERIDAN (body shakes with anger and pain)

GOD FUCKING DAMMIT, KID! JESUS-FUCKING-CHRIST! YOU NEARLY TORE MY FUCKING HAND APART! YOU LITTLE BASTARD! YOU COULD'VE OF FUCKING KILLED US! YOU COULD HAVE FUCKING KILLED UUUSSS!!

A now seriously pained and fearful Sheridan divides his attention between the injured boy and the commotion of traffic all around him. Sheridan frantically scans the road ahead for a way to fast depart the carriageway. His eyes lock onto to a possible solution. Sheridan quickly glances in the rear-view mirror, cranks the transmission into a lower gear and floors the accelerator---

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING--DAY

Sheridan's truck swings out around a big commercial vehicle and overtakes it in the fast lane. The tractor and trailer's angry driver BLASTS his AIR-HORNS at Sheridan —

INT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

Sheridan punches the clutch and changes to a higher gear. He scowls at the tractor and trailer via his rear-view mirror as he turns the steering wheel abruptly to the left —

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

--Sheridan's truck pulls over into the SLOW LANE and speeds forwards. The heavy commercial vehicle behind him sounds another quick BLAST of its HORNS.

REVERSE ANGLE: The left indicator comes on as Sheridan's truck ROARS into FRAME and edges towards an EXIT RAMP, 100 yards distant, off on the left-hand side of the carriageway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan's truck ZOOMS into the mouth of the EXIT RAMP, in his haste to leave the carriageway he cuts onto the ramp far too close to the grassy embankment. Both off-side tyres clip the steep embankment dividing the two roadways—this causes the truck to leap-frog in the air for a second. The truck's engine revs sharply increase and then drop off the moment all four tyres SMASH back down on ASPHALT---

INT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

Sheridan fights with the steering as the entire vehicle JOUNCES up and down. He changes to a lower gear and quickly glances down at the boy—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the boy lying on his side on the passenger seat. He still has his hands covering his face, shuddering, gibbering and crying.

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING--DAY

Sheridan's truck wheels down the EXIT RAMP towards a TRAFFIC ISLAND below —

INT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

Sheridan changes up a gear and STOMPS on the accelerator, spins the steering wheel hand-over-hand (despite his injuries) hard to the right—

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

Sheridan's truck—with all tyres squealing—swerves and accelerates into the island's sweeping curves and then unnervingly takes the last exit. —

--LOW ANGLE: as the truck ZOOMS onto a two-way road and races right up to the FRAME, filling it with its BULLBARS and GRILLE —

INT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

Sheridan returns his injured left hand underneath his right-arm pit, grimacing through the pain. After a moment he sees something of interest up ahead--another temporary solution to his immediate problem! With a quick glance in his rear-view mirror Sheridan, suddenly, *STANDS* on the BRAKE PEDAL and twists the steering wheel viciously hand over hand-

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

--In the middle of the road the truck *CAREENS* into a *TIGHT FAST SKID*, rear-end lurches violently to the right, tyres screech and smoke as the vehicle skids sideways.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The truck's revs increase as it pulls off the two-way road and is driven down a narrow dirt lane. The speeding vehicle scours up CLOUDS of DIRT and DUST in its wake.

INT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

Sheridan leans over the steering wheel (nose almost touching the windscreen), bounces up and down in his seat with the truck's suspension as the tyres roll over dried mud and potholes. He grits his teeth, wheezes through the pain as he mashes the accelerator to the floor—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. through the windscreen, along the length of the bonnet, AMID THE SWIRLING CLOUDS OF DUST as the truck breasts a slope and then speeds down towards a LARGE STEEL GATE. And as the truck is doing close to sixty miles an hour *that* gate is coming up fast (the gate gives way to a meadow, it also signifies the end of the DIRT LANE)—

--Sheridan (at the sight of the gate and his realisation he's seconds away from ploughing into it) rears back in his seat, involuntarily shouts out and *STOMPS* on the BRAKE and CLUTCH pedal at the same time—SOUND OFF: the ROAR of TYRES skidding over gravel and dirt--

EXT. TRUCK—MOVING—DAY

--the truck's body *JUDDERS* with the sudden forceful braking. It tilts violently forwards over its independent suspension, almost rolling right off the beam axle as the vehicle *SLEWS TO A SUDDEN 'TYRE-SCREECHING' DUST-STORM EDDYING STOP!*

--ANGLE: of the BULLBARS at the very moment the truck draws to a dead stop and IMPACTS with a loud *CHANG!* against the steel bars of the gate!

INT. TRUCK—PARKED—DAY

--Sheridan and the boy are thrown forwards into the steering wheel and dashboard, respectively. They both rock back in their seats. In his hurt and anguish Sheridan's foot slips off the clutch pedal, the truck JERKS forwards, engine dies. Sheridan gingerly removes his wounded hand from underneath his arm-pit and studies it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CS: of Sheridan's bite wound --JUMP CUT TO A ECU of the perfect circular imprint of the boy's HORRIBLY SHARP FRONT TEETH, ripped into the flesh, between thumb and forefinger, lots of bleeding and lots of swelling.

Sheridan hisses between his teeth at the sight and condition of his wounded hand, not to mention the pain it offers—

SHERIDAN (whispers to himself in a watery voice)

Jesus...! I'm gonna probably need fucking surgery for this...

A shocked and trembling Sheridan returns his bloodied hand underneath his arm-pit and rests his elbows on the steering wheel. He checks out his surroundings with quick glances out the windshield, looks left, looks right, and over his shoulder through the windshield behind him. There's no one around. No-body has followed them.

Sheridan takes a moment. He's breathing heavy, attempting to gather his thoughts and composure.

--After a moment—

--Sheridan straightens up, leans forwards and—

CS: of the glove compartment as Sheridan's hand enters FRAME and snatches it open. He rummages around inside and finally withdraws a dirty handkerchief--

--Sheridan begins to tear and wrap the handkerchief around his wounded hand, doing his best to cover the bite marks and stem the bleeding. As he does so he glances down at the boy—

Sheridan's P.O.V. of the boy--lying on the twin passenger seat—barely moving, curled up in a foetal position, crying into his hands.

Sheridan cautiously edges forwards—

ANGLE: of the boy as he *SUDDENLY, UTTERLY UNEXPECTEDLY* screams out another one of those 'bird-like' screeches. Joined with the bird-scream is the boy's equally *SUDDEN* full frontal assault on Sheridan. The boy tilts up off the seat from his waist and proceeds to motor a progression of full-bore kicks into Sheridan's chest and stomach—he even manages to kick his injured hand!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan screams and reels back in agony. He then launches himself over the boy—who remains SUPINE on his back—*IN A MAD SCRAMBLE OF FLAILING LIMBS* Sheridan is finally able to pin the boy down via his own body-weight, using his injured hand, which he places on the boy's chest. Sheridan then hauls back with his right arm, balls his hand into a fist and--

SHERIDAN (yells out)

YOU LITTLE...

--said fist connects (with a real fast downward jab) with the boy's mouth, more of that black beetle blood bursts from the boy's split lips—

SHERIDAN (yells out)

...MOTHER...

Sheridan draws his fist back again and punches the boy in the nose—*again!* More black blood erupts from the boy's nostrils--

SHERIDAN (yells out)

...FUCKER!

--Sheridan's fist connects with and fast pulls away from the boy's lower jaw with a *MEATY WHAP NOISE---* more of that black blood gushes from the boy's mouth.

The boy is knocked out cold.

MS: of Sheridan as he slumps back in his seat, breathless, worried and in pain courtesy of his mangled left hand and now freshly bruised right. He sits holding his head in his right hand, trembling, breathing hard, his thoughts and feelings churning.

A few moments pass. Sheridan tends to his bleeding hand, tightening the handkerchief a bit. He rubs the blood from the cut to his eye-lid. Sheridan then stares down at the boy—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the limp form of the boy sparked out on the passenger seats—

--Sheridan inches close towards him, really cautious this time, ready for anything—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN

Hey? Are you still alive there? Don't you *fucking* die on me, okay!

ANGLE: the boy remains unconscious and inert— but at least he's breathing!

Sheridan stares at the boy for a few moments and then reaches forwards with his right arm—

--CS: of the boy's bloodied mouth as Sheridan's right hand enters FRAME, his thumb and forefinger slowly pinch hold of the boy's upper lip. Sheridan then wrenches the lip upwards to REVEAL the boy's blood-rimmed teeth. The boy does indeed possess unmistakable SHARP CANINE TEETH! JUMP CUT ECU of the cannibal-sharp tips of those TEETH!

SHERIDAN (voice whispery; incredulously)

Jesus-fucking-Christ! Look at those teeth...

Sheridan shuffles back and begins to self-consciously examine his bitten hand. He's looking really worried now. Does he have a disease? Is the kid infected?

CAMERA TILTS DOWNWARDS ONTO the unconscious figure of the boy—SLOW CRAWL toward his face—

--CS of the boy's face, the bruising around the eyes, the gash to his nose swelling, his bloodied mouth and nostrils---ECU of a lake of that dark venous blood flowing slowly along the contours of his cheek, running up towards his eye—and as it does—the very tip of the blood flow suddenly RISES-- a single DROPLET lifts off the boy's cheek-bone and FALLS UPWARDS!

--LOW ANGLE: of the droplet of blood SPATTERING against the truck's discoloured upholstered ceiling.

CS: of Sheridan sat in the driver's seat with his head in his right hand. He fails to notice the weird anomaly with the boy's blood.

EXT. TRUCK—PARKED—DAY

The battle-scarred stationary truck parked with its snout pressed against the steel gate. SLOW PULL BACK TO A LONG SHOT. SOUND OFF: of a chorus of wood pigeons fills the air.

FADE TO BLACKNESS

To be continued...

END OF PART ONE

END CREDITS

PART TWO

BLACKNESS

SUPERIMPOSE in crimson coloured letters:

STEPHEN KING'S

POPSY

OPENING CREDITS

A sombre piece of piano music starts up.

White lettered credits dissolve in and out over the blackness.

Sombre music ends.

FADE IN:

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

Sheridan's battle-scarred truck is now parked beside his equally ruined caravan.

A disconsolate Sheridan opens the driver's door and meanders around to the passenger side. He runs his finger-tips over the SCRATCHED and DENTED wheel arch and door panels as he passes by them. He draws to a stop beside the severely damaged passenger door. After a beat Sheridan wrenches the door wide open---

INT. TRUCK—DAY

From inside the truck looking out through the wide-open passenger door as Sheridan leans in—CRANE DOWNWARDS ONTO the boy's motionless figure, lying on his side, covered over now with the throw-over blanket Sheridan was inspecting earlier. Sheridan begins to untie the end of the rope he secured around the 'grab-handle'.

Once done, Sheridan slaps the palm of his hand against 'what is obviously' the boy's head beneath the sheet.

BOY (cries out)

Ouch!

Sheridan then leans down really close to the blanket covered boy, his cheek rested close to the boy's head.

SHERIDAN (voice sotto)

Quit playing dead under there! I know you're faking it! (pause) We've reached a pit-stop: my place! All change. Now, I'm gonna fetch you outta this truck, if you give me any trouble whatsoever; if you fucking try to kick me, bite me, punch me, then I'm gonna have to break your face all over again. (pause) And I'll betcha you don't want me to do that, do ya, kid?

The outline of the boy's head beneath the blanket shakes from side-to-side, "No."

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Didn't think so, so you keep still and you keep quiet, got it? And *you* let Uncle Sheridan place you inside his caravan---*without any altercation whatsoever!* Yeah?

The outline of the boy's head beneath the blanket nods up and down, "Yes."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (in a singsong tone of voice)

That-a-boy! (speaks normally) Okey-dokey. Here we go.

Sheridan grabs (somewhat guardedly) the 'blanket-covered' boy and muscles him out from the cab. As soon as Sheridan has the boy out of the truck he keeps him facing front, heaves him in close to his chest, arms wrapped tight around the boy's upper body. Sheridan proceeds to kick the passenger door shut *CLUMP!*

TIME CUT

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

The front door is pulled open and the blanket enshrouded boy is pushed inside. Sheridan enters and slams the door closed behind him and locks it. Sheridan then rips the blanket off the boy's head, like a magician revealing the missing object after a trick. The boy stands rigid staring and blinking, trying to orient himself.

SHERIDAN (smiles with a humourless grin)

Home, sweet home!

Sheridan moves past the boy and gently yanks on a piece of rope he has clasped in his hands. The boy jerks forwards as his hands rise slightly from resting near his groin. Sheridan has bound the boy's wrists together with the other end of the rope. He leads the boy through the caravan's interior like a dog on a leash. The boy walks as if in a daze.

On reaching the sofa they both come to a mutual standstill. Sheridan positions the boy where he wants him and then pushes at his chest with the palm of his hand.

SHERIDAN

Nose behind your toes and down you go! Keep your buttocks on the seat for me.

The backs of the boy's knees strike the sofa and he flops down. Sheridan leans forwards and rips the curtains closed over the windows behind him.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

If you want the john, little buddy, it's down the end of the hall. (he points in the direction of the hallway leading off from the kitchen-area) You just shout up and say when.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan moves over to the picture window and pulls the curtains across.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I'm staying in this room with you every minute of every hour you're gonna be here, so there'll be no screwing around with the rope. If I have to leave the room for a squirt, you have to leave the room too. That's the rule... (holds his end of the rope up) I keep hold of this end whilst I'm in the john taking a piss; you stand right outside the bathroom door until I'm done. Okay?

The boy nods his head, "Yes."

Sheridan begins to wind the rope in his hands in a tight loop around his arm before moving up to a set double doors beside the sofa. Sheridan begins to tie the rope around the twin door handles as tightly and securely as possible. As he works on the rope he studies the boy's bruised and bloodied face.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (shakes his head. 'No')

--Look at your face, *shit!* Tomorrow I'm supposed to deliver you without any cuts or bruises. That's all gone out the window now, huh? (sighs) We're gonna have to clean up your face somehow-- either that or I'll have to accept a serious reduced payment. (pause) We need to get you ready to—'

BOY (interrupts)

--Let me go.

Sheridan finishes up tying the rope around the door handles. He considers the boy's demand for a moment. Sheridan slowly pulls the curtain closed over the double-

doors. As he does so his face takes on the expression of man torn between two sets of ideals. After a moment, he comes to a decision and takes hold of the rope again; adjusts the knot a bit and then yanks it tight, firmly securing the rope to the door.

Sheridan stares down at the floor. He can't look the boy in the face when he answers.

SHERIDAN (guilty)

I can't...I can't do that. (his gaze drifts up to the boy) I'm sorry.

BOY (tears well-up in his eyes)

My Popsy will find me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (sighs)

No. No, he won't.

BOY

Yes, he will. He always finds me.

SHERIDAN (fatalistically; patronizingly)

---*Well, not* this time he won't—your Daddy doesn't know *I* took you...and by the time he returns to where I took you from, he ain't gonna have a 'Scooby-Doo' as to your whereabouts. (pause) I'm sorry, kid, but you ain't never gonna see your *Popsy* ever again. So do us both a favour and forget about him! Okay?

Tears trickle down the boy's cheeks, trembling he looks away from Sheridan and presses the side of his face against the sofa's backrest. Sheridan stares at the boy for a few seconds—he can't help but feel a little bit sorry for him.

Sheridan takes off his army surplus jacket and throws it onto the kitchenette table. He pulls off his baseball cap and flings it on the table-top along with the coat.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (upbeat, friendly-tone)

I'm thirsty! I need a drink! Do you wanna a drink?

The boy doesn't look at Sheridan. He simply shakes his head "No."

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure? I've got some Coke Cola. Do you want one? I can put some ice in it for ya...

The boy shakes his head "No."

Sheridan moves into the kitchenette area, fetches out a shot glass and a bottle of vodka from one of the cabinets. He retrieves a packet of cigarettes from a draw and places one between his lips.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

No? Come on you must be really thirsty? (the boy shakes his head) (Sheridan shrugs) Suit yourself. The offer still stands though, kid, *if* in the immediate future you should suddenly change your mind: then one glass of Coke is all yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Are you hungry? You said earlier that you were hungry. Do you want me to fix you something to eat?

The boy shakes his head, "No."

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

What'd ya mean, no? I got plenty of nice stuff to chow on here in these very cupboards. I bought all the food especially for you. (pause) And you don't want any?!

The boy shakes his head, "No."

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (shrugs)

Okay. Have it your way. That means more for me.

Sheridan takes the cigarette from his lips, places it on the table-top, pulls out a kitchenette chair and sits astride it, directly opposite to the boy. He pours himself a drink, sips it while he studies the silent child with the tearful face.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (casually)

You know, you have very, very big eyes and very, very sharp fucking teeth. *Look at this!* (raises his wounded left hand, patches of fresh blood stains the handkerchief bandage; lots of crimson streams criss-cross his wrist) Since you bit me this hasn't stopped bleeding! (pause) You're not diseased are ya? (pause) Did

your old man *teach you*---while you're supposed to be at school-- how to bite people like that? (smiles to himself, tends to his bleeding hand) If anybody turned up at that house and tried anything on with you, you would just defend yourself by biting 'em, is that it? Is that what your Popsy told you to do? (laughs; he doesn't laugh for long though---the pain caused by his wounds makes him flinch and grimace) *Shit!* This hurts like a son-of-a-bitch!

The boy refuses to respond or look in Sheridan's direction. He remains in his self-imposed mute state.

Sheridan finishes up tending to his hand and then takes a large gulp of his vodka, downing the shot glass in one. He immediately pours himself another while studying the boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

You never did tell me your name. What is it?

The boy shakes his head, "No." Sheridan places the cigarette between his lips and lights it.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (flashes annoyance)

Does that mean you don't have one, or does that mean you're not gonna tell me?

The boy shakes his head, "No."

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

So we're back to the silent treatment, huh? (sighs) *Whatsamatter?* (pause) Are you pissed with me because I punched you in the face? I gotta tell ya that I didn't mean to hurt you, kid. But you didn't really give me much choice... After all, *you did* try to gouge my fucking eye out and tear my hand apart with those pearly-whites of yours...

Sheridan raises his hand, once again, displays his bloodied wound.

The boy doesn't respond, doesn't look at Sheridan.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Despite that fact, *I did* save your life back there on the carriageway...before the shit hit the fan. And *you* did almost write-off my truck in the process...and *you* did almost cause a multiple car pile-up trying to throw yourself out onto the road; it could be argued, if it wasn't for yours truly, you'd be as flat as a pan-cake underneath the wheels of a truck by now. (pause; nods 'Yes.')

Yep! They'd be scarping you up off the tarmac with shovel if it wasn't for me. (pause) I'd like us to be friends. (pause) How about I promise never to punch you in the face ever again? Can't we just act like all that shit never happened? (pause) I mean, what are we gonna do for the rest of the day? (pause) Are we just gonna sit here in silence? (considers the boy for a second, an idea springs to mind; Sheridan's mood-state immediately brightens) Hey, do you wanna play some video games with me? I got a console here--

Sheridan leans forwards in his chair and picks up a handful of gaming boxes off the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

--And I have lots of video games to play, games like '*Car Racer*', '*Ghost House*', '*Pizza Parlour Express*'. (he studies the back of the games' box) I think you have to open up your own pizza restaurant in this game. Yeah, that's it. And then you design the interior of your restaurant, hire staff, make-up your own menus, and then you gotta sell lots of pizzas to all the kids in the neighbourhood and make lots of money. And if we play this game together, I'll be a rival pizza business to yours. So I have to try and out sell you and whoever sells the most pizzas in town *they* win the game. (considers this for a moment) Actually, let's not play that one! ...Fucking boring... (he drops the game case on the floor and holds up a different one) Okay. What about this? This is a really good game! '*Adventure Island*'! You wanna play this? Trust me, its lots and lots of fun---we could play it together? (looks at the boy and smiles expectantly)

No reaction from the boy whatsoever.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

(smile quickly fades) Let me guess: You're not into video gaming, are you? (pause) Have you ever, *ever*, played a video game in your entire life, kid?

The boy shakes his head, "No."

Sheridan gives up and drops the handful of video games to the floor.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (disconsolate)

Okay. If that's true then your old man has deprived you of some serious childhood fun. (thinks it over; speaks to himself out loud, incredulously) Never ever played a video game in his entire life! *Jesus!* (speaks to the boy) What the fuck is your old man trying to do to you? (pause) What does your Daddy think is gonna happen if you play a video game? Does he think it's gonna turn you into some mindless shithead or something? Come to think about it you already are a mindless little shithead, aren't you? (starts laughing to himself) Look at you... (scornfully) A quiet little backward asshole with nothing to say for himself! Apart from, (speaks in a teasing baby voice) *My Popsy's coming to get me...My Popsy's coming to get me...*

The boy ignores Sheridan, he stares dead ahead. He doesn't move. Tears run in lakes over his bruised cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

He awkwardly wipes them away with his bound hands, turns his face away from Sheridan and presses his cheek harder into the sofa's backrest: a young boy filled with fear and despair.

Sheridan's chuckling subsides and he sobers up. He picks up on the boy's loneliness and hurt.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (feels sorry for him again)

Kid, how about TV? Do you ever watch TV?

The boy shakes his head 'No.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Do you mean to tell me you've never seen a *Looney Tunes* cartoon?

The boy shakes his head 'No.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

So you don't know who *Bugs Bunny* or *Daffy Duck* is?

The boy shakes his head 'No.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (disbelieving)

How can a kid of your age never have been allowed to see a *Looney Tunes* cartoon? *That's a fuckin' outrage!* I love the *Looney Tunes* cartoons. Every kid in the world loves a *Looney Tunes* cartoon. I used to love watching the *Looney Tunes* when I was your age. I still love 'em now. Your old man should be ashamed of himself.

Sheridan pushes up from his chair, steps over to the coffee table and picks up a DVD box-set.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

We're talking about some of the greatest cartoons ever made *here*—and *you've* missed 'em! *Looney Tunes* have some of the best characters in cartoon history *ever!* Plus they're funny and they're wild and I got a box-set crammed full 'em right here--- do you wanna watch some?

The boy shakes his head 'No

Sheridan gives up and throws the DVD box set back on the coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (angry)

Well, fuck you, little buddy! Let's just sit here like a pair of silent pricks for the rest of day, huh? I don't suppose for a minute that you—'

BOY (overlaps)

---What's going to happen?

Sheridan's anger subsides as fast as it came over him. His poise suddenly wanes and more than just a bit. He steps back toward the kitchenette table.

SHERIDAN (to clarify the context of the question)

You mean to you?

The boy nods his head, 'Yes.'

Sheridan stubs out his cigarette and sits astride the kitchen chair again. A guilty conscience slithers all over him as he speaks.

SHERIDAN

You're gonna stay here with me tonight... (pause) And some men are gonna come and pick you up tomorrow. And those men will hand you over to another man...and err... (pause; he's struggling)

The boy turns his head and lifts his gaze. He stares directly at Sheridan.

BOY

And then what will happen?

Christ! This is awkward. Sheridan squirms in his seat.

SHERIDAN (decides to lie to the boy)

--Well, then, err, you see, those men that hand you over to the other man, *he'll* take you on a... err (sighs) ...he'll take you on a boat ride. Yeah. That's what he'll do. He'll take you on a boat ride...to, err, to some really nice place; to a place you really wanna go...to a place where you'll have lots of fun with other kids your own age...

The boy continues to glare at Sheridan. There's a long pause. And then--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY

You lie! Those men are going to hurt me...

SHERIDAN (frowns; acts all dubious)

Where did you get that idea from?

BOY

From you, Sheridan! It all comes from you. You never stop thinking about them, do you?

Sheridan is taken aback by the fact the boy used his name for the first time in conversation. And by the fact that the boy is correct: Sheridan does think/fear about the criminal fraternity he now belongs to. Sheridan looks at the boy silently, wonderingly. He leans forwards in his seat and studies the boy with a worried scowl.

SHERIDAN (voice whispery)

What the hell are you talking about? (pause) Can you read my mind?

BOY

Stop asking questions...there's no time for answers. (pause) You should let me go, Sheridan.

SHERIDAN

I already told ya, I can't.

BOY

My Popsy will come and get me.

SHERIDAN (impatient)

I already told ya, he won't. He doesn't know where you are.

BOY (nods his head, 'Yes.')

He will find me. He always finds me.

SHERIDAN

You can't shit me, kid. I know your Daddy isn't gonna find you for the simple fact that—'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY (overlaps)

---My Popsy has a claim on me. When night falls, my Popsy will come. He will collect me. (pause) You will be sorry when my Popsy arrives... you will be so sorry...

SHERIDAN (grimaces)

I don't think so, kid. Who is your Daddy anyway? Is he a fuckin' night-owl? (laughs nervously to himself as he rises up out of his chair) You see, I hate to be the bearer of bad news but in the highly, *fuckin' unlikely* event of your old man showing up tonight... Well, I have a little something that should make him think twice about trying to take you back...

Sheridan steps forwards, reaches down the side of the sofa and grabs hold of the footlocker. He steps back, turns at the waist and throws the footlocker down on top of the kitchenette table.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

You see, I'm not a bad man, kid—really, I'm not—I'm a wheel of fun on the highway of life...I just took a bad detour, that's all. *I don't* like kidnapping children.

I don't like shooting people, either; unless, of course, I'm backed into a corner and I find myself with no other choice... And if your old man should come prowling around here tonight, intending to take you back—I may find myself with no other choice. And to emphasize what I'm talking about...

Sheridan unlocks the footlocker, flips the lid open, and withdraws the .45 revolver.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Whala! Here it is.

Sheridan squats down in front of the boy. He bends his right arm at the elbow and raises the firearm level with the side of his face.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Now, I presume you know what this is? (gestures with the gun)

The boy nods his 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

So you know what it does?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy nods his 'Yes.'

SHERIDAN (stares hard at the boy, deadly serious)

So don't make me use it. (pause) And if, *if* your old man should show up a little later on, I'll blow him outta his shoes with this thing! (gestures with the .45 again, shrugs)...I'm not gonna let anybody walk in here and take you away, little buddy. No chance! (pause) I'm going to see this through to the end...

A sad expression covers the boy's features.

BOY (motions to the gun with a nod of his head)

It won't help you.

Sheridan scowls at the boy, he looks indecisive for moment. Although he would never admit it the boy's level of cognitive awareness unnerves him slightly.

SHERIDAN (he sobers up; full of determination)

When it comes down to it, I think it will.

Sheridan straightens up. The boy turns his head and stares into space.

BOY (voice whispery)

You're wrong about everything.

SHERIDAN

That's funny I was gonna say the same thing about you.

Sheridan turns his back on the boy and heads into the kitchen area. He begins to pour himself another drink.

The boy retains his vacant stare, rocking backwards and forwards in his seat. The boy starts chanting to himself in a voice hardly audible. He's trembling. Tears stream down his face as he repeats the same statement over and over:

BOY (voice no more than a whisper)

My Popsy's coming to get me...My Popsy's coming to get me...My Popsy's coming to get me...

FADE OUT

FADE IN ON

EXT. PINE WOODLAND. DAY—LATER

LONG SHOT: of coniferous forest encircling a large pond. The setting sun casts a fiery reflection over the pond's surface. SOUND OFF: a chorus of wood pigeons fill the air.

EXT. THE CAUSEWAY. ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAY. PINE FOREST—DAY

A SECURITY PATROL CAR slowly drives up to the gateway and parks up. A man dressed in a green Stetson hat and a matching in colour uniform exits the patrol car. This man is dressed very much like a county sheriff, except for the fact that he's not a county sheriff-- this man is Billy! And Billy is Pine Barren Park's one and only security officer; it's a job he takes great pride in! Billy may have a learning disability but it doesn't stop him from doing his security job extremely well.

Billy, self-consciously, straightens his hat via its rim as he surveys the surrounding forest for a couple of moments. He burps and then breaks wind furiously. He covers his mouth (for some reason) as he does so. He then approaches the double gates and starts swinging them closed in preparation to padlock them shut for the night.

EXT. 'PINE BARRENS' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

LONG SHOT: of the entire park: the rows of empty caravans--- except for the one at the end, on the right-side, near to the tree-line.

LOW ANGLE: PANAGLIDE SLOWLY towards Sheridan's caravan.

SOUND OFF: from inside emanates the *Looney Tunes* fanfare followed by the voice of *Daffy Duck*:

DAFFY DUCK V/O (ranting)

You're killing me! I'm being murdered! I can't stand this torture anymore! I'm dying! You're killing me!

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

On the TV screen is Daffy Duck standing behind the desk of a studio executive in a 'Tune' version of the Warner Brothers' lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

DAFFY DUCK (CONT'D)

I'm telling you J.L., you're type-casting me to death. Comedy! Always comedy! (Daffy starts hooting and laughing manically; he snaps out of it) Honest, J.L., you just gotta give me a dramatic part.

Daffy beams a yielding 'big-eyed' look across the desk.

J.L.V/O.

Well, I—'

DAFFY DUCK (excited)

--I knew you'd see it my way, J.L. (Daffy dives across the room to a pile of scripts) It just so happens that I have with me the very script that we've been looking for.

INSERT

CU: of the kitchenette table's surface, a pack of cigarettes lies beside Sheridan's lighter; beside the lighter is a broken ash-tray; beside the ash-tray is the meat cleaver and beside that lays the matte-silver finish .45 Colt. Sheridan's right arm rests on the table-edge, a smoking cigarette nestled between his index and middle finger. Sheridan's right hand rises up out of FRAME--

MS: of Sheridan, sat slumped in the kitchenette chair watching T.V. He brings the half-smoked cigarette to his lips and inhales. He lets the smoke out through his nose and mouth and then takes a huge swallow of vodka (he's given up drinking from the shot-glass, he swigs straight from the bottle now).

CS: of the boy sat on the sofa. He's turned to the side, staring into space, not remotely interested in the cartoon on TV. No expression on his face whatsoever. Suddenly the boy's facial features tighten and he straightens up a little. He cocks his head as if listening to a sound only he can hear. He slowly turns his head and looks over at Sheridan.

BOY

Sheridan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (exasperated)

Quit it, buddy, will ya? No more *Popsy-bullshit!* I'm tired of hearing it. (motions to the TV) I'm trying to watch TV here.

The boy shakes his head, 'No'.

BOY

There's someone coming.

They both stare at one another for a few seconds.

--next moment--

SOUND OFF: of three *LOUD RAPS* against Sheridan's front door.

Sheridan *JOLTS UP* out of his chair and grabs the TV remote, turns up the volume *REAL LOUD*. He then drops the remote and scoops up the .45 and jumps towards the boy, throws himself down next to him on the sofa and slides his left arm around the boy's shoulders. Sheridan then secures the boy's neck in the crook of his arm, covers the boy's mouth with the palm of his left hand, and hugs him in close to his chest. With his right hand Sheridan raises the Colt and presses the firearm's barrel flush against the boy's cheek. The boy goes limp and his eyes bulge in fear.

BILLY V/O

Hello? Hello Sherry? (pause) Are you in there?

SOUND OFF: two more knocks strike the front door.

INSERT

CS: Sheridan's index finger slides off the trigger guard and curls around the trigger.

Sheridan turns his head slightly towards the boy and he says:

SHERIDAN (grimaces, voice low)

Don't you make a fuckin' sound!

SOUND OFF: two more LOUD RAPS hit the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan swivels his head and looks in the direction of his front door.

SHERIDAN (shouts up, tries to sound causal)

Hello Billy. How's tricks?

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

(There is a degree of regularity to Billy's visit. He must check-in on Sheridan whenever he visits the site) Billy stands by the steps to the front door with his hands on his hips. His attention shifts between the front door and the caravan's curtained double-doors and windows.

BILLY

I'm fine. How are you keeping, Sherry?

SHERIDAN V/O

I'm okay.

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

--Same old same old... You know how it is, Billy.

The boy makes an attempt to wrestle out from Sheridan's hold. He releases a muffled whimper against the palm of Sheridan's hand. Sheridan holds the boy taut to his chest, his left hand presses rigid over the boy's mouth. Sheridan wedges the 45's barrel firmly against the boy's cheek; they lock stares with one another.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (grits his teeth)

Pack it fuckin' in!

The boy immediately goes limp.

BILLY V/O

Yeah. I know. Hey, Sherry, what...err...what—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

Billy glances at the damage to the side of Sheridan's truck as he mounts the short flight of steps to the front door. He then strolls leisurely along the timber walkway to the decking area, closing in on the curtained double doors.

BILLY

--happened to your truck, man? Looks like you got some serious damage going on out here.

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

SHERIDAN (getting panicky)

Yeah. I ran into some trouble out on the carriageway. Some guy cut me up... I had nowhere to go...We traded paint and metal! (laughs nervously)

SOUND OFF: of Billy's footfalls thumping on the timber decking--footsteps come to a halt in front of the double doors. He's right OUTSIDE the doors the boy is tethered to now---nothing more than a couple of sheets of glass and curtains between Sheridan and his captive--and Billy.

Sheridan senses Billy's presence and cranes his head around over his right shoulder, staring at the double doors. Sheridan's face beads with sweat! In an effort/struggle to restrain his captive Sheridan slides off the sofa and onto the floor, both he and the boy end up with their backs rested against the edge of the lower seat cushions. As they slide forwards the boy's arms get pulled taut, right up over his head, due to the shortness of the rope binding his hands. This only proves more awkward for Sheridan to hold onto him.

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

BILLY

Uh-huh. I can see that. Too bad! That'll be an insurance job, right? (pause) How come you've closed your curtains, Sherry? You planning on an early night or you got a woman in there? (laughs naughtily to himself)

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (anxious; thinking fast)

No. No women. I just took a shower, Billy. I'm dripping wet in here. ...I, err, I'm just towelling myself dry...watching TV...

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

BILLY

Okay. Well, I should be going. ...I'm on duty at the bridge tonight... I...err...I locked the front gates, Sherry, so if you wanna leave the park you're gonna hafta to take the long way round. Okay?

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

SHERIDAN (clenches his teeth)

No problem, Bill. Thanks for sharing. I'll see you later.

The boy riddles in Sheridan's grip and strains against the rope. Sheridan struggles with him, muscles in his arms cord with the effort of clutching the boy tight--plus keeping the gun wedged firmly against his cheek.

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

BILLY

Okay, Sherry. Bye.

For a moment Billy stares at the curtained double doors, as if he suspects that something is wrong in there. After a lengthy pause he starts back down the timber walkway. On the TV--SOUND OFF: of Daffy Duck portraying *The Scarlet Pumpernickel*.

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

Sheridan listens to Billy's footfalls fade away outside. The tension in him visibly dissipates. He releases his grip from the boy, goes all faint with relief. The boy pulls away from him. Sheridan puts the .45 down on the carpet beside him for a second. He turns and glares at the boy, pissed with the trouble he almost caused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (speaks evenly)

You know when I promised never to punch you in the face again?

The boy stares back at Sheridan.

Sheridan hauls off with a fast right-hand punch delivered straight to the boy's mouth.

The boy shrieks, turns at the waist and clutches at his face.

SHERIDAN (casually)

I gotta tell ya, I do have a tendency to break my promises every now and then.

Sheridan's right hand drops low and he grabs the .45 off the floor.

Sheridan gives the boy one last lingering 'infuriated' look and then pushes to his feet.

The boy remains sat on the floor, crying into his hands. Sheridan pulls him to his feet

EXT. LARGE COASTAL BAY/ OPEN SEA—DAY--LATER

LONG SHOT: of the bay and the turbulent sea. Great waves crash along the shoreline.

EXT. PINE FOREST —DAY

LONG SHOT: LOW ANGLE: of the shady forest. The sun is much lower in the sky, starting to set now. GOLDEN BARS of sunlight pierce between the tree trunks. Shadows have begun to pool beneath the canopy. SOUND OFF: of insects clicking in-amongst the shadowy underbrush; choruses of bird song fills the air.

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

LONG SHOT: of Sheridan's caravan. Lengthy orange rays of sunlight illuminate the park. Lots of long shadows everywhere!

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

The boy sits on the sofa, turned to the side, with his arms wrapped around his shins. He silently stares into space. The length of rope still binds the boy's wrists together; other end remains tied to the double door handles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan stands in the kitchen (with his back to the boy) cooking some food on the oven hot plate. A lit cigarette dangles from his mouth.

The boy slowly lifts his head and stares irately at Sheridan for a moment. The boy looks sick, as if he's about to vomit.

BOY

I don't like the smell...the smoke...it poisons the air...

Sheridan turns at the waist and frowns at the boy.

SHERIDAN (raises his voice over the noise of the cooking food)

What did you say?

BOY

I said I don't like the smell of your food ...your smoke... (he clutches at his larynx) It hurts my throat...and my eyes...

Sheridan grins condescendingly at the boy, lifts the pan off the hot-plate and walks over to him. The boy stares up at Sheridan. Sheridan stares down at the boy. Then he deliberately holds the boiling saucepan close to the boy's face.

SHERIDAN

Are you complaining about the smell of my delicious cooking?!

Sickened, the boy quickly turns his head away and covers his mouth.

Sheridan starts laughing pitilessly at him. Sheridan then takes a long draw on his cigarette, leans down and deliberately blows smoke in the boy's face.

SHERIDAN (scornfully)

---And is this the cigarette smoke that's hurtin' your eyes?! I'm so fuckin' sorry.

The boy frantically rubs at his hair and eyes, shakes his head; fixes Sheridan with an irritated stare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY (angry)

You shouldn't do that!

Sheridan clasps the cigarette between his lips and---

SHERIDAN

Shut up!

---slaps the boy across the side of his head! The boy lets out a high-pitched cry and buries his face in his arms.

Sheridan moves to the kitchen table and throws the saucepan down on top of it.

SHERIDAN (resentful)

This is my place, my rules. I do whatever I want!

Sheridan then stubs his cigarette out in the broken ashtray. Once done he withdraws a spoon from his front trouser pocket and drops down into a kitchen chair. Sheridan starts eating the contents from the saucepan. The boy pulls his hands away from his head and stares at Sheridan for a moment. After a while he turns and stares off into space.

BOY (tone of indignation)

You are all alone, Sheridan.

SHERIDAN (distracted)

What was that?

The boy turns and stares directly at Sheridan.

BOY

You have no friends. You're all alone!

SHERIDAN (shrugs; indifferent)

So what? Tell me something I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY (incongruously calm)

You should have listened to Anne-Marie. She told you this would happen. She told you not to gamble...she told you to stop... Anne-Marie warned you about Bayram and Mr Carveth, she knew they would come looking for you--- *she knew* that they would hurt you both...but you wouldn't listen. And now Anne-Marie is gone and *you* are all by yourself...

Sheridan straightens up as if cold water has been poured down his back. The boy has just needled a very sensitive part of Sheridan's conscious. Sheer rage blooms over Sheridan now. He slams up out of his chair, grabs the .45 and---

--CS: as he swings the weapon up and to the side, the firearm's barrel catches a piece of glassware *CLINK!* knocking it clean off the table top. The glass flips and falls and—

--CS LOW ANGLE: *SMASHES!* on the linoleum floor.

Sheridan rises to his full height, straightens his right arm and aims the .45 at the boy's head.

SHERIDAN (shouts, outraged)

HOW THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ANNE-MARIE?

The boy cowers in his seat.

BOY

You told me.

SHERIDAN (yelling)

BULL-FUCKIN'-SHIT! I NEVER TOLD YOU ANYTHING ABOUT HER, OR CARVETH, OR 'THE TURK', never, EVER! Not once! THEIR NAMES HAVEN'T BEEN MENTIONED SINCE WE GOT BACK HERE! AND I DON'T RECALL MENTIONING THEM WHILE WE WERE OUT ON THE ROAD, EITHER! (dubiously) I'M SUPPOSE TO HAVE TOLD YOU?! When? BULLSHIT! (he's getting upset as well as angry now) The fuckin' things they—' Oh Christ! OH, YOU CAN KNOCK THAT SHIT OFF RIGHT NOW!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

An enraged Sheridan jolts forwards, bends at the waist, grips the boy (with his bleeding left hand) around the throat and yanks him forwards, throws him back in his seat, and yanks him forwards again. Only this time the boy's forehead *THUMPS!* to rest against the barrel of the .45. They're nose to nose now.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

SO (suddenly, surprisingly calm, grits his teeth)...you little fucking lying piece of shit! I'd like to know who told you the name of my ex-girlfriend, and I'd like to know now? And don't fucking lie to me because I'll know if you are. (pause) You know who Mr Carveth is? Yes? You know about The Turk? Did they tell you about Anne-Marie?

The boy frantically shakes his head, "No."

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

So who did?

BOY (voice whispery)

It was you.

Sheridan's mood swings back into a towering rage. He straightens up, switches the .45 to his left hand and with his right slaps the boy a hefty 'back-hand' slug across his face. With a wet, fleshy *SLAP* of skin on skin the boy screams out and drops flat over the sofa. He covers his head with his hands and curls up into a fetal ball.

SHERIDAN (filled with uncontainable anger)

YOU LYING LITTLE MOTHERFUCKER!

Sheridan (swaps the gun from left to right hand) lunges forwards, grabs hold of the boy by his neck, rips his hands away from his face, and wrenches him into a sitting position.

SHERIDAN (yells; they're nose to nose again)

I DIDN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING! I TOLD YOU NOTHING ABOUT EITHER ONE OF THEM!

Sheridan, once again, pushes the .45 into the boy's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy's eyes plead, his face flushes with fear, tears stream over his cheeks.

Two fresh trickles of that black blood run from the boy's nostrils.

BOY (shrieks out in a hoarse voice)

YOU TOLD ME! YOU TOLD ME EVERYTHING ABOUT THEM! Mr Carveth took Anne-Marie away...they hurt her! They made her do things she didn't like. You couldn't pay so they hurt her, Sheridan! You tried to hide from them! Mr Carveth made her scream and SHE SCREAMED AND SHE SCREAMED AND THEN SHE TOLD THEM WHERE YOU WERE! AND NOW BAYRAM OWNS YOU! THAT'S WHY YOU STOLE MEEEE!!

Sheridan violently slams the boy back and forth in his seat a few times before wrenching him forward and pressing the gun's barrel *firmly* against the boy's cheek.

SHERIDAN

...FUCKING BULLSHIT! I TOLD YOU NOTHING!! (repeats) I TOLD YOU NOTHING! I NEVER MENTIONED THEIR NAMES ONCE... (pause; suddenly gathers his serenity and gets all paranoid about the situation) Was I set up? (pause) Did Carveth tell you to be at the lake this afternoon? Am I being set up? Is that what this is all about? (the boy won't answer; Sheridan flies into a rage again) ARE THOSE BASTARDS SETTING ME UP? ARE THEY? FUCKING ANSWER ME!!

Sheridan grips the boy's upper arms and shakes him violently (the boy simply whimpers) in an attempt to get an answer. Sheridan gives up and throws him down on the sofa.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

YOU LITTLE SHIT! YOU'RE ALL IN ON THIS!! I WOULDN'T BE FUCKING SURPRISED, YOU, YOUR POPY...fuckin' everybody...should have known this day was coming...UNTRUSTWORTHY BASTARDS! I KNEW IT! FUCKIN' KNEW IT!

Sheridan spins on his heels, drops the gun on the table, grabs the bottle of vodka, turns about face and hurls the spirit bottle in the boy's direction--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--REVERSE ANGLE: --as the thrown bottle *SMASHES* against the partitioning wall between the window above the boy and the double doors beside him—

--LOW ANGLE: of the boy curled up in a tight fetal ball, shivering and crying as broken chunks of glass rain down over him.—

SHERIDAN

YOU MOTHERFUCKERS! FUCKING PIECES OF SHIT! I can't believe this!

Sheridan grabs the gun off the table and aims it at the boy, attempting to gather the strength of mind to shoot him where he lies.

SHERIDAN

AM GOIN' END THIS RIGHT NOW! HOW CAN YOU FUCKING DO THIS TO ME? YOU LITTLE —' (his anger abates a bit; hurt and upset flood in) *How can you...do this...How can you do this to me?*

Sheridan's POV of the boy lying curled up on the sofa—in the BACKGROUND--crying into his hands—the boy is lined up perfectly in the gun's sights. Sheridan's right hand clutching the .45 emanates into FRAME—in the FOREGROUND-- his hand trembles as he nerves himself up.

Sheridan's index finger tightens on the trigger. He tenses up---at the last possible second he can't bring himself to do it. Sheridan swings the .45 ceiling-ward. He shakes his head from side-to-side, bites at his lower lip, turns and strides into the kitchen-area, breathing heavy, paranoia and hurt crawl all over him. He leans against the kitchen counter with his back to the boy.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D) (to himself, voice low)

No. No. No. Not a good idea. (pause) They're out to fix me. I know they are... That's just the way it is...you gotta fix them back, Sherry... (eyes tearful)

BOY (shivering, crying)

I want my Popsy...I want my Popsy...

Sheridan spins on his heels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (angry, yells)

SHUT UP ABOUT YOUR GODDAMN POPSY! Your old man isn't gonna come through for you! You're fucked, little buddy! (pause) Just like me you're stuck in a cruel dilemma (shakes his head)...and no- one's gonna help you...

LOW ANGLE: of the boy still lying on his side with his hands covering his face, shudders race through his body.

Sheridan stares at the boy for a few seconds with a crestfallen, troubled expression on his face. Sheridan quickly wipes away his own tears (he doesn't want the boy to see him crying).

The boy suddenly rears up and fixes his gaze on Sheridan.

BOY (his voice high and shrieky as he screams out his string of exclamations)

My Popsy will come and get me! You'll see! My Popsy's fast and strong! He knows where I am! I am his purpose! His only purpose! He'll scent me here! He'll track me here! And he'll find me here! When the night comes my Popsy will dispose of you, Sheridan! You stole me and you should take me back! You should---

SHERIDAN (nerves fray, his yells overlap the boy's)

---SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Sheridan charges forwards and SLAPS the boy across the face. The boy lets out one of those high bird-like screeches and, once again, drops flat on his stomach.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

You're never gonna see your Popsy ever again, I already told ya—'

The boy, with fast suddenness, sits bolt upright and screams at Sheridan.

BOY

Oh, yes I will! He'll find me! He'll find me. When my Popsy finds me he'll dispose of you! You shouldn't have stolen me, Sheridan! You shouldn't have stolen me! You're wrong. You're wrong. You shouldn't have stolen me! My Popsy's coming to get me! My Popsy's coming to get me! My Popsy's coming to get me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

This is more than Mr Sheridan Banks' current fragile mental state can handle. He spins on his heels and dashes through the kitchen area and down the narrow hallway leading to the bedrooms and bathroom. Sheridan shoulders a door open to his right and—

INT. BATHROOM. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

--bursts into a begrimed bathroom. Sheridan throws the .45 in to the sink and leans on the basin edge, staring down at the floor. Sheridan's reflection can be seen via the medicine cabinet mirror. Sheridan's poise: pretty traumatised. His eyes swim with tears. Finally, he lifts his gaze to meet the eyes of his own bedraggled reflection.

--a moment passes—

--and then--

--Sheridan delivers a fast 'boxer-style' punch directly to the mirrored glass, directly into his own facial reflection. The mirror is obliterated into sharp cobweb splinters courtesy of his fist. His reflection *SHATTERS* with lots of uneven splits.

TIME CUT

EXT. LARGE COASTAL BAY/ BEACH/ SEA—TWILIGHT

High tide waves curl and crash against the shore. The sun has set, it's twilight now.

LOW ANGLE: of the long, shallow rocky gorge and the FAST FLOWING CREEK. The creek streams towards the submerged beach in the distance.

DARK SHADOWS everywhere.

ELS: of the horizon---the sunset. The edge of the world silhouetted by a long golden line of light!

EXT. HIGH FOREST –TWILIGHT

PANAGLIDE SLOWLY THROUGH the endless avenues of pine trees; in the rapidly failing light beneath the canopy--- DARKNESS gathers.

SOUND OFF: of insects whirring and clicking in the underbrush.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

EXT. 'PINE BARRENS' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—TWILIGHT

LONG SHOT: The rows of empty caravans. Except for the one in the farthest right-hand corner: Sheridan's caravan! The static home's curtained windows are aglow with the artificial light cast from inside.

The park lights fashioned in the style of old 'York Gas Lanterns'—in response to the encroaching darkness--begin to switch themselves on about the clearing.

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN--TWILIGHT

ANGLE: The TV is turned off. All the interior lights are on. Sheridan sits at the kitchenette table, quietly smoking a cigarette. The boy lies asleep curled up on the sofa.

The only SOUND that breaks the silence is the soft TICKING of the clock above the mantelpiece.

CS: of Sheridan, he smokes his cigarette for a few moments and then—for no apparent reason---he tenses and looks uneasily at the boy—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the sleeping boy—CU: of the sleeping boy's face the very instant his broken nose suddenly realigns itself with an audible *BONY CRACK!* The sleeping boy doesn't even flinch --

--Sheridan grimaces and frowns then raises his gaze to—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the curtained window above the boy's sleeping form. From outside a strange breeze pushes at the curtains for a moment—

--Sheridan then turns his head and looks at the curtained picture window, directly in front of him.

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the curtained picture window- The same strange breeze ripples the curtains.

LONG SHOT: of the caravan's main interior: Sheridan in the FOREGROUND sat in the chair, staring at the picture window in the BACKGROUND.

SOUND OF: the soft ticking of the clock above the mantle.

CS: of Sheridan. He tilts his head, listening intently. His face tightens with confused nervousness. Sheridan swivels his head and looks at--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--the curtained window off to his right—

--Sheridan stares long and hard at the curtained window, restraining some inner unease. As though he senses—even through the material of the curtains—that he is ‘somehow’ being watched. The strange breeze ebbs and ceases---

--HIGH ANGLE: as an uneasy Sheridan stabs out his cigarette in the broken ashtray. He rises out of the chair and picks up the .45. He moves up to the curtained window, off to his right and snatches the curtains wide open. He pauses for a moment. Sheridan stoops and stares out the window. With nothing to see outside he wrenches the curtains closed.

He thinks he hears something outside, near the kitchen window. Hesitant, he pivots and makes his way into—

--the kitchen area—CAMERA PANAGLIDES BEHIND HIM—as he stops short of the kitchen sink, bends at the waist, extends his right arm towards the blind covered window above the sink and--

EXT. ‘RUN DOWN’ CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—TWILIGHT

--snaps the blind’s blades downwards with the barrel of the .45. Sheridan’s face peers out the window.

INT. ‘RUN-DOWN’ CARAVAN

ANGLE: of Sheridan’s P.O.V. through the kitchen window: there’s nothing to see but the NIGHT SKY and DARK FOREST.

EXT. ‘RUN DOWN’ CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—TWILIGHT

---Sheridan removes the .45 from the blinds, the blades snap back into place---

INT. ‘RUN-DOWN’ CARAVAN

Sheridan turns away from the kitchen window. He can’t shake the strange nervous feeling that he’s being watched. He jolts a few steps forwards and stops. He suddenly has a fearful urge to double-check on the gun’s ammunition. Sheridan thumbs the dead-bolt on the revolver. The LOADING CYLINDER, with a steely click, drops out to the side of the firearm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ECU: of Sheridan's P.O.V. of the LOADING CYLINDER, all six chambers contain six live slugs—just as he left it loaded earlier. Satisfied, Sheridan clicks the cylinder back into place with the heel of his hand. Sheridan, ever the troubled man, stares around the static home's interior.

SOUND OFF: of the TICKING CLOCK above the mantle.

LOW ANGLE: ANAMORPHIC SHOT: of the clock face—elongated out of proportion as the second-hand *CLICKS!* down towards the CAMERA FRAME and ABRUTLY STOPS dead centre with it.

Sheridan fixes his gaze on the clock and scowls. He crosses to the mantelpiece, staring up at the clock. Sheridan's P.O.V. of the 'quiet clock' hung up on the wall, hands frozen at 19:13pm precisely. Sheridan cocks his head to the side, rises up on tip-toe, leans close, and taps the clock-face with the barrel of the .45. Nothing happens. The clock remains quiet and still. Sheridan lets out a puzzled sigh and continues to scowl. Sheridan raises his left hand and scrutinises his wristwatch for a moment

ECS: WRISTWATCH FACE

Hands froze at

19:13.

--and then--

Sheridan quickly turns and looks off to his left, as if he just heard something.

SHERIDAN'S P.O.V. of the dim, narrow hallway leading off from the kitchen area (the door leading into the hallway has been left wide open). The shadows in the dim corridor stretch and darken—the shadows defy the light spilling in from the kitchen and push/crawl their way up to the open doorway, finally halting perfectly level with the edge of the kitchen floor and the top of the door-frame.

Sheridan takes a step backwards, looking drunk on anxiety and perplexity. He holds still, wipes his eyes with his left hand. He jerks his head and looks all about him—

--Starting off on the DARKENED HALLWAY DOOR the CAMERA SLOWLY PERFORMS A 360 DEGREE PAN of the entire static home's main interior. The whole room, despite the lights being on, seems to have grown DARKER. SHADOWS STRETCH and SHORTEN as the FRAME rotates around the room—a weird shifting diorama of light and shadow-- there's a STRANGE, just out of earshot HADES' TYPE BREATHING accompanying the visuals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

It creates a disquieting atmosphere. The 360 DEGREE PAN comes back to where it started and stops! The shadows in the hallway have returned to normal.

All is quiet. *Too quiet!*

Sheridan, about ready to surrender to this nightmare, turns away from the hallway door and looks at the kitchen window. Satisfied nothing's wrong...for now! He slowly turns around and looks at the curtained picture window.

Sheridan now has his back to CAMERA. He starts shaking. He wraps his arms around his chest.

CAMERA DOLLIES FORWARDS AND PANS AROUND ONTO Sheridan's face TO REVEAL him shivering. His breath mists around his nose and mouth as he exhales. He stares around the room desperately trying to figure out the reason for the sudden temperature change—

--and then—

BOY V/O (his pattern of speech is different, he speaks with an eloquence far beyond his years; the boy's voice now has a thick, rumbling tone, punctuated with a strong indefinable *ancient* European accent)

...Such arrogance...

Sheridan's jerks his head and stares down at the boy.

BOY V/O

...a foolish act...

ANGLE: of the boy lying supine on the sofa with his eyes closed. His facial features in a peaceful repose. He seems to be in some kind of trance—someone—or *something*—is speaking through him.

Sheridan slowly approaches the boy with a quizzical/nervous expression.

BOY

...by a man constricted and corrupted via his obscure reality...

SHERIDAN (uncertain)

Talking in your sleep there, little buddy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy turns his head towards Sheridan (his eyes remain closed), as if he's aware of his captor's presence.

BOY

...You need to be reminded of your own mortality (grimaces; in an incredibly sonorous tone)...I am a Lord...from the land of wolves...I have subsisted on the meat of men and beasts...on frozen wastelands...when your pioneers were nothing more than pitiful hunters and gathers... sheltering like animals in caves, wretched and fearful...I am forever...a fallen Angel who batters on the weak, paralyzes them, consumes them for his need...I am an eater of the godless...

A perturbed Sheridan reaches down and shakes the boy's shoulder.

SHERIDAN

Hey! Wake up. What the hell are you talking about, kid?

The boy writhes a little, as if irritated by Sheridan's touch.

BOY (overlaps)

I cannot be slain by mere mortal men! No length of distance or passage of time will prevent me from enacting my vengeance...

CS: of the boy's face the very moment his eye-lids whisk open. REVEALING: his eyes are now two BLACK-OILY ORBS! The boy's eyes possess no sclera (the whites of the eyes) and no iris—just SOLID BLACK LIFELESS EYES that BORE directly into Sheridan's gaze.

Sheridan suddenly draws in a frightened breath and jolts back a step. He shivers as the air around him turns evener chillier. Sheridan fixes his terrified stare on the boy.

BOY

(The boy's facial features contort into a snarl) You'll be found...I draw closer...God has deserted you...Sheridan!

Running on pure fear and adrenaline Sheridan suddenly screams out and kicks at the base of the sofa, directly below the boy's resting form. The boy bounces a bit like a rag-doll. Sheridan raises the .45, straightens his right arm and aims the pistol at the boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (yells)

HEY!! HEEEY!! WAKE UP! WAKE-THE-FUCK-UP!! What's wrong with you?!

In reaction to Sheridan booting the sofa and screaming at him the boy closes his eyes and quickly rolls onto his side, turning his back on his gun-wielding captor. He curls up into a fetal position.

Sheridan, soaked in nervous perspiration, his breath continues to steam around his nose and mouth. He stares down at the boy intently, waiting for something else to happen. Waiting for him to move, make a sound, something! Nothing happens! The boy seems to have fallen into a deep sleep.

Looking like a man about to lose his sanity through sheer panic Sheridan spins on his heels and blunders into the kitchen-area. He drops the .45 onto the counter-top and snatches up his cell-phone. He thumbs the key-pad and speed-dials a number.

After a couple of rings his call is answered by a voicemail answering service. As he speaks he glances nervously in the boy's direction. The boy never moves. He remains curled up on the sofa, fast asleep.

SHERIDAN (into the phone, voice shaky)

It's me! Carveth, I got your merchandise... But there's a slight change of plan! I want you to come on over here and pick up your merchandise right now. You hear me, right fuckin' now, Carveth! I ain't waiting till morning. I don't think I can hold out that long. I want your merchandise gone! I want it outta here! No morning pick up, you want it?—come and get it! There's something too fuckin' weird about...about the whole thing... (pauses; swallows fearfully) It's scaring the shit outta me! And I don't like it. It's just, it's just, err, I just want it gone! *It knows who you are, Carveth!* It spoke your name and The Turk's too. I want it outta here! (pauses; trembles) Don't bother responding to this message, Carveth, just get the fuck over here; *double-time it!* Message from you know who regarding you know what, over and out.

Sheridan hangs up and quickly throws the cell phone down on the kitchen counter.

Just as quickly he grasps hold of the .45. The gun is more for protection now than for threatening anybody with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

He can't help but double-check on the live rounds. Mind racing, anxiety flowing, trembling Sheridan thumbs the dead-bolt. Sheridan's P.O.V. CS: of the 45's LOADING CYLINDER the moment it *CLICKS* open--ECS of each chamber loaded with six live rounds. Sheridan snaps his wrist causing the loading cylinder to *CLACK* back into place.

He stares around the room dazedly for a moment. Trembling, fast losing his courage, his breath continues to steam around his nose and mouth.

--and then—Outside:

SOUND OFF: a DULL, BASS-DRUM RYTHMIC *THUMPING* radiates from somewhere deep in the forest. It sounds like the heartbeat of a truly giant monster. The rhythmic *THUMPING* seems to float close and then drift back deeper into the surrounding woods. It echoes horribly through the night air. The *THUMPING* seems to vibrate through the very walls and floor of the caravan.

Sheridan shuffles into the lounge area, listening. He glowers, stops short of the curtained picture window, pauses for a second and then---rips the curtains wide open! DARKNESS PRESSES against the large rectangle--net-curtained--picture window. The *THUMPING* sounds slightly louder with the curtains open! Sheridan jolts back a few steps, a look of dread crosses his face as he stares out the window and listens. *There is truly something unnerving and eerie about the undulating sound waves echoing through the woods.*

Sheridan quickly looks off to his left; glances down at the boy—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the boy still curled up and fast asleep on the sofa—

--Sheridan swivels his head and looks out through the picture window.

SOUND OFF: the rhythmic *THUMPING* never ceases.

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

LONG SHOT: of 'run down' caravan the moment the exterior lights *CLICK* on. Sheridan opens the front door and steps out on to the timber walkway. He hesitates for a moment and then starts forwards. CAMERA PANAGLIDES behind him as he heads along the walkway, lumbering in slow moving steps towards the decking area and porch-rail.

SOUND OFF: the rhythmic *THUMPING* is unremitting—it never stops, it's much *LOUDER* out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

On reaching the porch-rail Sheridan comes to a halt. CAMERA FRAME FLOATS PAST him, around him, turns 180 degrees CRANES DOWNWARDS to a LOW ANGLE of Sheridan as he stands, apprehensively looking and listening all about him.

FRAME continues to SLOWLY GLIDE AWAY from Sheridan. Half way across the grassy clearing the FRAME turns 180 degrees and FLOATS towards the black 'boxy' shapes that is the row of caravans opposite---FRAME ZEROS IN ON the empty static home directly parallel to Sheridan's trailer. As the FRAME closes in on the static homes' frontage it CRANES UPWARDS AND SLIDES PAST a BLAZING park light OFF TO THE FRAME'S LEFT SIDE. The LIGHT BULB inside the lantern's glass-housing emits a loud hissing as the FRAME PASSES BY, nocturnal insects aplenty beat themselves against the glass.

FRAME GLIDES ONWARDS straight over the roof of the trailer opposite Sheridan's caravan. On reaching the trailer's rear-end, the FRAME CRANES DOWNWARDS to FLOAT QUICKLY through the underbrush. Tips of the ferns and high weeds SLAP at the base of the FRAME. A misty fog bank hovers above the undergrowth. In the BACKGROUND the CORRIDORS of TREES stretch away into DARKNESS. The PANAGLIDING FRAME closes in fast on the forest ahead.

SOUND OFF: an owl shrieks somewhere in the woods. FRAME passes over a small gully flooded with cold, still water. SOUND OFF: of Bull frogs croaking *en masse* around the edge of the pool. FRAME ACCELERATES FORWARDS gaining speed. SOUND OFF: of hordes of nocturnal insects *Chirp* and *Click* in the tall weeds.

CAMERA FRAME cuts a FAST path beneath the tree-line and PLUNGES HEADLONG into the DARK FOREST beyond. The circumferences of the tree trunks ZIP past the sides of the FRAME, just missing at a DIZZY SPEED. FRAME hastens through the woods, faster and faster, travelling from the lower to higher woods in record time; occasionally the FRAME rotates 90 degrees to skim through the narrow gap between two trees that have grown close together. FRAME streaks over the top of the forest's underbrush, gliding up and over, down and under the DECAYING MASSES OF FALLEN TREES as and where they're encountered. CAMERA FRAME FLOATS DOWNWARDS so that it just SKIMS the ground, barrelling effortlessly through the undergrowth.

Fearful animals scurry through the vegetation, CRISS-CROSSING through the FRAME, searching for the safety of their bolt-holes.

The deeper into the forest the FRAME rushes the faster and louder the TEMPO and INTENSITY of the RYTHMIC THUMPING. It eventually pulses like the booming strikes of a titan hitting the ground with a god-like hammer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE FOREST:

The racing CAMERA FRAME plunges into a small glade and slows TO AN ALMOST STANDSTILL. A solitary owl suddenly shrieks and breaks cover from the tree-line ahead and flaps over the top of the FRAME. A flock of wood pigeons quickly follow suit after the fast retreating bird of prey. Other woodland animals scamper through the undergrowth, tearing past the FRAME. It's a mass exodus! As if the wildlife senses something *unworldly* is approaching!

SOUND OFF: the rhythmic *THUMPING SUDDENLY CEASES!*

The multitudes of nocturnal insects stop *Chirping* and *Clicking!*

A CREEPY HUSH befalls the entire forest.

The thin veils of mist above the undergrowth suddenly part and clear, as if manipulated by an UNEARTHLY SILENT BREEZE!

CAMERA FRAME CRANES UPWARDS fifty feet off the ground and gradually CLOSES IN ON the tree-line directly ahead. SOUND OFF: of something moving through the trees upper foliage, drawing close, rustling the branches.

IN THE PITCH DARKNESS beneath the trees upper canopy---TWO PIECES OF BURNING COAL APPEAR---the TWIN POINTS OF CIRCULAR FIRE *BLINK! BLINK AGAIN!*

IT'S TWO RED EYES STARING STRAIGHT AHEAD! THE OUTLINE OF A BLACK HUMANOID SHAPE EMERGES from the DARKNESS. A less than human face congeals around those burning eyes.

A MOMENT PASSES...

The black malevolent shape holds fast for second and then begins to scale its way to the trees CONICAL ZENITH, climbing like some MONSTEROUS APE, branches crunch and crack beneath its shifting weight. CAMERA FRAME CONTINUES TO ADVANCE SLOWLY on the BLACK FIGURE. FRAME moves PAST, AROUND and BEHIND, maintaining a SLOW PULL BACK to REVEAL what is obviously the POPY CREATURE himself! He's large monster; twenty-five feet in length from snout to tail.

Even in the PITCH DARKNESS this VAMPIRE HUMAN HYBRID (whose not like any vampire ever, *ever* seen before), this obscenities anatomical build can be just about made out in amongst the shadows. POPY retains some humanistic traits but VAMPYHIC EVOLUTION seems to have got the better of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

If this creature has been around for over millennia then he/it has mutated into a perfect BAT-LIKE humanoid monster! POPSY possesses a MUSCLED, LITHE body; his skin appears to have a luminous blue sheen, LACQUERED grey in colour. The creature's skin is MOTTLED with BLACK TIGER-LIKE STRIPES. This vampire's upper limbs are akin to those of a true GIANT BAT, GREAT LEATHERY WINGED FORE-LIMBS; IMMENSE MEMBRANES stretch between the monster's HORRIBLY ELONGATED PHALANGE BONES (FINGER-BONES), each wing is attached to folds of slick SKIN OR CALCAR, extending between the creature's legs---an extra-long sheathed tail slithers out from the monster's rear-end. This aged vampire's tail curls around the tree's branches like a coiled constrictor. POPSY is completely naked! The need for attire long since past

POPSY remains perched and impossibly motionless in the upper boughs of the trees. His vestigals (long, sharp clawed thumbs) hook into the bark. He stares straight ahead. He's staring in the direction of the lower woods—to where PINE BARREN'S PARK is located.

FRAME PULLS BACK to a LONG SHOT and RISES SLIGHTLY to REVEAL: the entire low forest silhouetted against the lesser darkness of the night sky. A cold, crescent MOON has risen in the east; millions of stars stud the velvet sky.

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

CS: of Sheridan. He still lingers on the decking area, watching the night, listening, his facial features set with rising fear. The entire forest surrounding the park has fallen eerily quiet. *Far too quiet!* (Just like the grounds surrounding the deserted EDWARDIAN MANOR.)

EXT. HIGHER FOREST—NIGHT

CS: of POPSY'S facial features as he stares dead ahead from his high roost. POPSY'S face appears prominently skull-like, partially simian mixed with GHOULISH BAT FEATURES: a huge bat-leaf nose, constantly twitching; pointed, broad tragus ears, twirling back and forth; his mouth boasts rows of sharp fangs, slavering jaws; RUBY-RED burning eyes, staring. FRAME CLOSES IN ON: POPSY'S left eye as he begins to scowl and make a series of HIGH to LOW FREQUENCY ECHOLOCATION CALLS. His *LOUD CLICKS DRIFT* off through the night.

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

As if awakened from sleep by his Popsy's calls the boy turns on his side and faces the FRAME, his eyes open (his eyes have returned to normal now).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

He quickly pushes up on his elbow and stares through the picture window at the night beyond.

BOY (excited; hopeful)

Popsy?

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

Sheridan turns and looks over his shoulder as he hears the boy call out.

Sheridan surveys the side lounge window and the double doors for a short moment, listening, waiting for the boy to make another response---

ANOTHER ANGLE: CS: Sheridan suddenly looks to his left and jerks his head up to look at the lanterns positioned on his side of the park. Sheridan is in the FOREGROUND in the BACKGROUND is a row of four 'York Gas Lanterns'

A moment passes. Sheridan continues to stare like a man struck dumb at the lights-- and as he does the lanterns begin to dim, barely illuminating the MISTY NIGHT. The lights suddenly brighten, and dim again, brighten and dim again.

HIGH ANGLE: FAST DOLLY INTO a CLOSE UP: of a Gas Lantern's glass housing, the bulb's filament inside blazes bright, brighter still and then it suddenly *SNUFFS* out. Inexplicably loses all electrical power.

Sheridan reacts to this and frowns at the *SUDDEN* failed lantern. He shifts his gaze across the clearing to--

HIGH ANGLE: FAST DOLLY IN ON a second lantern on the opposite side of the park, as its light-bulb *BLAZES BRIGHT* and *SNUFFS OUT!*

ANGLE: of the two lanterns at the very top-end of the park, positioned sentinel on either side of the entryway to the dirt track: both lamps lose power simultaneously!

Sheridan stares at the lights that just this second failed with uncertain fear. He jerks his head around in anguish to look at---

--Sheridan in the FOREGROUND, the row of lanterns in the BACKGROUND:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

the lantern in the middle snuffs out; an instant later the two closest to Sheridan's caravan go out. Sheridan turns quickly --FRAME WHIP PANS where he's looking in time to show the remaining lanterns still illuminated across the clearing—at the VERY MOMENT they too *SNUFF OUT!*

DARKNESS makes its claim over PINE BARREN'S PARK.

SOUND OFF: of the boy suddenly starts moving around noisily inside the caravan.

Sheridan, distracted, turns on his heels and looks towards his caravan's double doors with an inquiring grunt--

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

The boy has scrambled off the sofa and is now attempting to break the handles off the double doors by throwing himself backwards, using his body weight to do it, snapping the rope as taut as possible. The boy steps forward and then lunges backwards. He's excited. He can barely contain himself. INSERT CLOSE SHOT: of the steel handles on the doors, the rope coupled tight around them--at the very moment the boy yanks on his end of the rope. Under the boy's effort the handles *ACTUALLY* bend and twist a bit, screw fixings *CRACK* and *BEND*. If he keeps on like this the boy will be free in no time. How can a ten year old boy be this strong?

BOY (voice *high* and piercing)

Popsy! Popsy! I'm here! Come and get me! Popsy! I'm in here!

In his animated state the boy tries to bite through the rope binding his wrists, gives up and suddenly runs up to the double doors and begins to try and un-tie the rope in a frantic manner.

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

CS: of Sheridan. A severely nervous/distracted man now! Sheridan glares at the double doors in a combination of fear and anger. He knows the boy is trying to break free in there.

SOUND OFF: of the boy's thrilled voice screaming out for his Popsy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan starts to back up, swivels his head and regards the grassy clearing, the silhouetted forest and the night sky beyond with rising, disbelieving panic. Sheridan senses *something* is out there, in the night, watching him, gauging its chances, biding its time.

Sheridan turns on his heels and races in through the front door---

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

Sheridan barges back inside his caravan, spins around and **SLAMS** the door shut.

CLOSE SHOT: as Sheridan inserts a Skeleton key into the door lock and twists it--

ECS: as Sheridan's bleeding hand rips the keys from the door lock. Sheridan urgently moves to the kitchen area, approaches the window above the sink and tears the blinds open. He hastily glances in the boy's direction and gestures at him.

SHERIDAN (angry; agitated)

Hey! Hey! You can pack that in right now! Leave the fuckin' rope alone.

The boy stands beside the double doors. He keeps pulling on the rope as he glances over at Sheridan. Once again, his eyes possess that wolf-like shine.

BOY

My Popsy's coming to get me!

SHERIDAN

Bullshit!

Sheridan charges into the lounge area and pushes past the boy.

BOY

He spoke to you, didn't he?

SHERIDAN (flustered, angry; grits his teeth)

I didn't speak to anybody---just you in your sleep!

Sheridan crosses to the right side window and wrenches the curtains open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY (shakes his head, 'No')

That wasn't me. That was my Popsy! He sees with my eyes and I know with his knowledge. (he motions with his head outside) My Popsy put out the lights...so you won't see him coming...

SHERIDAN

It's just the power going off!

BOY (shakes his head and smiles)

That's my Popsy!

Each looks at the other for a moment, tensely. And then Sheridan bolts forwards, grabs the front of the boy's jumper and throws him down on the sofa. Sheridan leans down over the boy and pushes the barrel of the .45 against his forehead.

SHERIDAN (really hostile)

There isn't *any Popsy*, you little shithead! (yells into the boy's face) *SO QUIT IT!*
There's nobody out there!

The boy nods his head, "Yes."

BOY

My Popsy's close! He told me...he's come to get me... (pause) The fever of doubt has entered your mind, hasn't it, Sheridan.

SHERIDAN

--A bullet is gonna enter *your* mind, *if you don't shut the fuck up about your Goddamn Popsy!*

BOY

You're all alone! God has forsaken you, Sheridan.

Long pause. Sheridan slumps a bit and smiles, nods his head, as if he's finally resigned to the fact that *Popsy* may well be on his way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (patronizingly, speaks quietly)

Well, fuck me fat and happy! So your Daddy is coming to get you, huh? He's just gonna kick open my door, smash a window or something; waltz in here, *dispose of me—just like that!*-- and walk out into the night like nothing ever happened. (pause; smiles) And father and son go and live happily ever after. Yeah?

BOY (shakes his head, "No.")

My Popsy won't come in through the door...he'll land on the roof...

Sheridan rears back and glowers at the boy.

EXT. HIGH FOREST—NIGHT

EXTREME LOW ANGLE: SLOW MOTION: from ground level of the clearing- looking up 90 degrees at the tree-line- at the very moment the vampire lord lunges forwards and UNFURLS his massive WINGSPAN. POPSY invokes the full power of flight! He SWOOPS across the clearing sylphlike, truly slender and graceful.

LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE: of the high forest--- in the distance, rapidly approaching; skimming over the tree-tops approaches the blackened silhouette of the vampire creature against the velvet sky. He's in full monstrous flight! He flies just like a hunting bat, beating his gigantic wings in a perfect rowing motion. Huge tarpaulin *WHOOSHES!* thunder through the air, accompanying each MASSIVE beat of his wings.

POPSY flies from the high woods on a straight course down towards the lower forest. As he quickly closes in on PINE BARREN'S PARK, the vampire monster croons a horrible screech that tears through the night.

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

Sheridan spins at the sound of the echoing shriek.

BOY (delighted)

Popsy!

Sheridan straightens up, gives the boy an angry/anxious glare over his shoulder as he pads towards the picture window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN (hisses)

Shut up!

Sheridan fast turns around—his eyes searching the night sky. Sheridan kicks the coffee table out of his way. He moves up close to the glass of the picture window and leans forwards. Sheridan suddenly rips the net-curtains away.

Behind Sheridan the boy rises up off the sofa-- those shiny/excited eyes scan the darkness beyond the big window. The boy is barely able to control his growing enthusiasm.

BOY

My Popsy's coming to get me!

Sheridan spins around quickly.

SHERIDAN (really pissed off and fast losing his resistance)

That's never gonna happen! Not tonight, not here! So shut the fuck up!

BOY

He's here!

SHERIDAN

I SAID SHUT UP!

Sheridan turns back to the window and squints up at the heavens. There's nothing to see out there only the dark night.

LONG SHOT: of the caravan's main interior—suddenly the electrical lights begin to fade, as if the static home is losing power.

An unnerved Sheridan turns from the picture window and regards the dimming lights.

The boy whirls his head as he fast regards the weakening light fittings. He's completely animated, smiling to himself. The boy starts jumping around and yanking on the rope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY

Popsy! Popsy, I'm in here! (raises his voice) POPSY, I'M IN HERE! Come and get me! The bad man stole me, Popsy!

That's it! Sheridan's anger and anxiety boils over. He races up to the boy—flips the .45 in the palm of his hand so the barrel rests against his inner wrist—and 'pistol-whips' him across the face with the grip-handle.

The boy screams out one of those 'bird-screeches', spins around off the force of the slug to his face and crashes down on the sofa. Sheridan backs up a couple of steps, spins the gun in the palm of his hand and aims the business end at the boy.

SHERIDAN

I TOLD YOU TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, YOU LITTLE BASTARD! NOW I'M NOT GONNA TELL YOU AGAIN. (pause; works himself up into a frenzy) I fuckin' hate you! I WISHED YOU'D NEVER BEEN FUCKING BORN! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE! (pause) I WISH I'D NEVER AGREED TO ANY OF THIS SHIT! (pause) From now on, you shut up!

HIGH ANGLE: Sheridan's P.O.V. of the boy—lying face down—as he lifts his head and shoulders off the sofa. Black blood pours from his (for the second time today) broken nose and bleeding jaw.

BOY (crying, shivering; he whispers)

...I want Popsy...I want Popsy...

Sheridan holds fast for a second, breathing heavy, glaring down at the boy.

--and then--

Sheridan swivels his head around and stares up, uncomprehendingly, at the light fitting above his head.

FRAME SLOW CRANES UPWARDS OFF Sheridan and ON TO the light fitting directly above. The BULB (just like all the other interior lamps) continues to BLAZE BRIGHT, dim, brighten and dim again. The bulb fades to a faint amber glow and goes out! The entire caravan loses power and fills with darkness. A couple of seconds pass...and then...the power kicks back on again. A MOMENT PASSES... FRAME SLOW CRANES OFF the light-fitting and BACK DOWN ONTO Sheridan—he stares up at the sputtering lamp, wincing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SOUND OFF: of the boy's tearful whimpers.

FRAME HOLDS ON: Sheridan--- as the light cast on his face seems to produce a normal luminance. All the interior lights cease flickering.

Aside from the boy's occasional whimper----*TOTAL SILENCE!*

You could literally hear a pin drop!

LS: of the caravan's main interior. Sheridan remains in the lounge area, staring around the room in rising fear and desperation. The boy, holding his bleeding nose, slowly slides off the sofa and gains his feet. They both sense something is about to happen, something imminent.

CS: of Sheridan, staring, listening—

--CLOSE SHOT: LOW ANGLE: of Sheridan's bleeding hand. The handkerchief dressing is now saturated in blood. Blood runs in rivulets between his fingers, droplets drip from his fingertips and—

--LOW ANGLE: *SPLAT!* down onto the ruined carpeted floor--

CS: of the boy, his eyes dart around the room, his face flushed with rising excitement and expectation. The boy glances up at Sheridan for a second and then his gaze falls to his bleeding hand. His hypnotic eyes widen. His bleeding mouth gapes, like a hungry shark. After a moment the boy turns his head and stares towards the caravan's aft--

REVERSE ANGLE: LONG SHOT: of the caravan's main interior seen from the lounge area. SOUND OFF: BREATHY SILENCE invades the room.

CS: of a nervous Sheridan as he takes a step forwards, ears straining

REVERSE ANGLE: of the caravan's main interior—there's a slight *CREAK!* NOISE. As if the panelling in the kitchen—near the sink-- has suddenly been placed under pressure---

CAMERA FRAME PANS SLOWLY TO THE RIGHT across the caravan's girth, from the kitchen-area to the opposite wall. As the FRAME brings the door leading out to the narrow corridor into SHOT, the door (slightly ajar) slowly swings closed into its frame. The hinges *CREAK!* every inch of the way as the door—under some mysterious influence-- *CLUMPS!* shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SOUND OFF: of a sharp, scurrying noise outside--the sounds move from beside the kitchen window towards the caravan's rear-end.

FRAME WHIP-PANS from the front door to the kitchen-area in response to the noise outside.

CS: of Sheridan frozen on the spot, staring, incredulous dread rising every second.

--More of that horrible BREATHY SILENCE...

FRAME DOLLIES IN ON the boy-- bringing his face into CU. He stares intently in the same direction as Sheridan. The boy's bruised and bleeding facial features contort into a gleeful smile.

A moment passes...

SOUND OFF: a *LOUD CRACK SOUNDS*, as if someone just threw a stone at the side of the caravan.

Sheridan jolts and moves his head jerkily, straightens his right arm and aims the .45 dead ahead. Sheridan thumbs back the revolver's cocking hammer. *CLICK!* He's incredibly tense--getting ready for whatever is about to happen next.

CS: of the boy as he looks upwards to the ceiling, his gleeful smile widens.

CS: of Sheridan, sweating, shaking, his face hardens with anger. His breath hisses out between clenched teeth--

LONG SHOT: LOW ANGLE: of the caravan's main interior. A moment passes...

--and then—

SOUND OFF: of a *MASSIVE EXPLOSION OF NOISE DIRECTLY OVERHEAD!! IT SOUNDS LIKE A FLYING ELEPHANT JUST THIS SECOND LANDED ON THE CARAVAN'S ROOF!*

Each reacts differently to the eruption of noise!

Sheridan screams out and drops to his knees.

The boy races forwards, staring up at the ceiling.

BOY (shrieks with excitement)

POPSY! POPSY!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ECS: of the length of rope tied to the boy's wrists as it *SNAPS* tight—

LOW ANGLE: of the boy's arms as they swing from between his thighs and out to his side---

With his back to FRAME the boy spins around 'bodily' from back to front, real fast--

CS: of the boy, the back of his head to FRAME at the moment he twirls his head, looks over his shoulder and up at the ceiling--

BOY (carries on shrieking in excitement)

I'M IN HERE, POPY! I'M IN HERE!

Sheridan (behind the boy) twists at the waist and grabs him by the scruff of his neck, yanks him backwards and immediately (using his thigh) smacks the boy's legs out from underneath him. He topples back, flips from back to chest on the way down and---LOW ANGLE: hits the floor face first beside Sheridan's knees. Sheridan raises his left knee and brings his shin down across the boy's shoulders, pinning him to the floor. Sheridan presses the barrel of the .45 to the boy's cheek---

SHERIDAN (pissed and frightened)

SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP RIGHT NOW!

SOUND OFF: of a *HEAVY THUDS!* and *MOVEMENT* up on the roof.

HIGH ANGLE MS: of Sheridan as he throws his head back and freezes.

SHERIDAN (to himself)

What the hell is this?

He hefts the .45 and takes aim at the ceiling. FRAME CRANES UPWARDS off Sheridan and onto the ceiling above.

On the roof. SOUND OFF: Claws. Noises like long fingernails and toenails, scraping.

--and then—

LONG SHOT: of the main interior. SOUND OFF: of *HEAVY FOOTFALLS, SEVERAL FOOTFALLS (more than two) STOMP* across the caravan's roof, heading from aft to fore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Each footfall causes the static home to shake. The vibrations make everything inside the caravan *RATTLE* and *RUMBLE*.

HIGH ANGLE: of Sheridan, eyes wide, breathing fast with fear, staring up at the ceiling above him. He keeps the revolver aimed at the noises overhead. Sheridan TRACKS the sounds with jerky movements of his head and the aim of the gun.

HIGH ANGLE: of the ceiling—DOLLY BACKWARDS with the sound of the *HEAVY FOOTFALLS* as they *POUND FORWARDS*. Each footfall produces a loud METALLIC BAM! The ceiling actually BOWS with each footstep! The light fittings (the length of the room) sway back and forth with each *WEIGHTY THUMP* ---

LS: of the main interior. LOW ANGLE: of Sheridan and the boy as the CAMERA PANS --ANGLED UPWARDS-- PAST THEM and brings the PICTURE WINDOW in to FRAME.

SOUND OFF: the vampire monster's FOOTFALLS draw to a halt on the roof space just in front of the picture window.

HIGH ANGLE: of Sheridan, trembling, staring at the ceiling area in front of the big window, face tightens with confused fear.

LOW ANGLE: of the boy flat on the floor, tears stream down his face, strains his head to look up at the ceiling-

BOY (whimpers)

...Popsy!...

The electrical lights begin to flicker...flicker some more...*and go out!* DARK SHADOWS creep in...

BREATHY SILENCE!

LOW ANGLE: of the picture window as the FRAME SLOWLY DOLLIES FORWARDS and CRANES UPWARDS—bringing the window into MS---

--and then—

--A HUGE LEATHERY WINGED APPENDAGE swings down from above and PUNCHES the glass, shattering it in a spider-web configuration--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CS: of Sheridan as he *SCREAMS OUT*, jolts in shock, aims the .45 at the window and *OPENS FIRE!*

He *FIRES* two shots in fast succession—

BOY (shrieks)

...POPSY! POPSY!

-- LONG SHOT: of the main interior. Sheridan in the FOREGROUND, the PICTURE WINDOW in the BACKGROUND --the FIRST SHOT *BLASTS* a third of the picture window apart, the SECOND SHOT removes more than half of the pane entirely-

-Outside, just as fast as it appeared the WINGED EXTREMITY moves up and out of FRAME—

--Sheridan re-aims the .45 at the ceiling space in-front of the picture window and *FIRES*—

--LOW ANGLE: of the ceiling as *THREE FIRED SLUGS* tear through it--

SOUND OFF: of the vampire monster up on the roof as he *SCREECHES* and *ROARS* in PAIN and ANGER—

--Sheridan keeps the .45 aimed at the ceiling. Gun smoke fills the main interior.

LOW ANGLE: of the boy as he continually attempts to push up and scramble out from under Sheridan's leg—

SHERIDAN (yells)

WILL YOU STOP IT! FOR FUCK'S SAKE STOP IT!

BOY (screams out)

POPSY! POPSY, THE BAD MAN TOOK MEEEE!! HE TOOK ME!

Sheridan begins to struggle fiercely with the boy. He is fast losing the tussle; the boy is really putting up a fight! Sheridan puts the smoking gun down, raises his arm and balls his hand into a fist, losing control over his nerves Sheridan rains a series of punches to the boy's head--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

On the roof. SOUND OFF: of *HEAVY FOOTFALLS, METALLIC THUDDING!* LOTS OF WEIGHT SHIFTING directly overhead! Followed by an *INHUMAN SCREECH!*

Sheridan flinches, stops mid-punch, quickly glances up at the ceiling and then returns his attention to the shuddering boy under his legs--

SHERIDAN (yells; spittle flies from his mouth as he shouts)

IT'S NOT YOUR POPSY OUT THERE! IT'S SOME FUCKING ANIMAL!

BOY (screams; black blood gouts from his mouth)

IT'S MY POPSY! POPSY, THIS BAD MAN TOOK MEEEEEE! KILL HIM, POPSY! KILL THE BAD MAN! He's HURTING MEEEEEE! POPSY, PLEASE!

Sheridan, driven half way to hysteria—punches the boy with real force, square in the jaw--

LOW ANGLE: C.S.: of Sheridan's fist *PLOWING* into the boy's mouth, splitting open his lips, black blood squirts out! After another punch delivered straight to the kisser the boy is knocked all the way to unconsciousness.

SHERIDAN (yells to himself as much as to the boy)

WHATTYA MEAN, POPSY? HOW CAN THAT BE YOUR FUCKIN' POPSY OUT THERE? WHATTA WANT ME---

POPSY, with an ear-splitting *SCREECH*, leaps off the roof and DROPS LITHELY PAST the broken picture window like a GIANT WINGED FELINE and hits the ground with *PROFOUND THUMP!* MS: looking out through the picture window as the black outline of the monster's hunched back and the POINTED TIPS of his folded wings rise into view. POPSY holds fast for a second, quivering—

REVERSE ANGLE: of Sheridan as he stares at the sight in front of him, right outside. Sheridan lunges forwards grabs the .45 off the floor and takes aim at the nightmare vision perfectly framed in the big window. CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON: Sheridan—bringing him into a CU.

REVERSE ANGLE: of the picture window-- POPSY---what can be seen of him in SILHOUETE pivots slightly and raises his head. The vampire monster GLARES in at Sheridan, red luminous eyes staring out from the hollows of his skull. Those glowing embers flicker downwards to regard the inert form of the boy for a second before rising up to fix on Sheridan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

POPSY'S demonic facial features glower, a growl rumbles in his throat.

The growl rises until POPSY lets loose with an *EAR-CRIPPLING LION-LIKE ROAR*

—

REVERSE ANGLE: of Sheridan, literally scared to death, *FIRES* the .45's last shot---

--REVERSE ANGLE: of POPSY as the fired bullet *EATS* into his face! He *SHRIEKS*, rears backwards and propels him-self away from the window and melts out of sight into the darkness.--

--a *CONCUSSION OF AIR* from the fast beat of the creature's megalithic wings *BLASTS* the last pieces of glass from the picture window, curtains on either side of the frame billow, chunks of glass fly--

The moment the vampire monster disappears from view--- the interior lights glow amber for a second and then *BLAZE* back to their former brightness—

CS: of Sheridan --hyperventilating, weary and shivering--thumbs the dead-bolt on the revolver, snaps the loading cylinder open, raises his arm, waggles his hand at the wrist and empties the fired jackets all over the floor --

Sheridan in the *FOREGROUND* the *PICTURE WINDOW* in the *BACKGROUND*, stays on his knees, keeps the lifeless boy wedged under his shin, reels at the waist and--

Outside--*SOUND OFF*: the vampire monster's *DOG-LIKE GROWLS* echo over the clearing--

--frantically grabs the underside of the kitchenette table, drags it closer towards him.

Sheridan strains forwards, takes hold of the box of shells and tips the live slugs out over the table top. Fresh bullets roll in every direction. Sheridan anxiously snatches them up and feeds them, one after another, as fast as he is able, into the loading chamber. ECS: of the *LOADING CLYINDER* as Sheridan slips a couple of bullets into the empty chambers with his trembling, bloodied fingers—C.S: of Sheridan quickly filling his trouser pockets with handfuls of live bullets---

Outside—*SOUND OFF*: of *MONSTEROUS GROWLS* and *SNARLS*, moving closer

—

—MS: of Sheridan as he jerks his head up to regard the noises outside—ECS: of the *LOADING CYLINDER* as he slips two slugs into the last two remaining empty chambers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTNUED

Fully re-loaded Sheridan spins the LOADING CYLINDER like a roulette wheel and quickly snaps his wrist causing the cylinder to *CLACK!* back into the pistol.

He straight ways *CLICKS!* the cocking hammer back and takes aim at the picture window. His face taut, psyching himself up; a man ready for battle--

LS: P.O.V. of the 'glassless' picture window, the window that no longer offers any barrier to the thing that is aprowl in the NIGHT. Sheridan's forearms and hands holding the .45 emanate into FRAME.

Outside—SOUND OFF: of an *INHUMAN SCREECH*, followed by a *LOUD MONSTEROUS HISS!* Noises of *HEAVY FOOTFALLS!* Sounds radiate from the static home's right side, closing in--

--P.O.V. of the picture window as Sheridan's shaky aim swings to the right—

SOUND OFF: of the boy moaning softly--

--MS: of Sheridan, full of trepidation, staring dead ahead, he quickly looks down at the boy and then suddenly swivels his head to the left—as if he's just realised something!

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the rope tied to the double door handles. FRAME P.O.V. ANGLES DOWN along the length of rope to the boy's bound wrists—HOLDS FOR A SECOND as the broken and bleeding boy begins to stir!

--Sheridan turns at the waist and glances uneasily in the direction of the front door. Sheridan's face is pale and slick with perspiration. He wants *out!* *He needs to unshackle the boy first!*

Outside—SOUND OFF: of a *REPTILIAN HISS!* Followed by sounds of *SLOW HEAVY FOOTFALLS*, drawing closer—

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

The vampire monster's P.O.V. as he strides forwards veering towards the busted picture window--

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

The interior lights begin to fade and flicker—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MS: of Sheridan as he turns his head real fast, glaring around the room. He knows he's got precious little time. Sheridan spins at the waist to his right—

--ANAMORPHIC CU: of Sheridan's hand the moment he dumps the gun on the table top and picks up the MEAT CLEAVER—

LOW ANGLE: as he grips the boy by the scruff of his neck and pulls him violently to his feet—

--Sheridan doubles the boy over in a one arm hug and runs into the sofa. They both go sprawling! Sheridan straightens, raises the MEAT CLEAVER over his head and swings it down---

--ECS: as the steel blade whistles down and hacks at the rope, shredding it –

--Sheridan goes at the rope like a man possessed, chopping at it again and again, driven by desperate fear. He can sense the creature approaching outside.

SHERIDAN (frenzied)

*Oh, Jesus-fuckin-Christ! COME ON! CUT YOU FUCKING BASTARD THING!!
COME ON! COME OONN!!*

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

The vampire monster's P.O.V. as he stalks closer toward the caravan--mere feet away now! POPY raises his gaze—through the glassless window he can see Sheridan's head and shoulders as he hacks away at the rope. The very next step POPY takes causes the interior illuminations in the caravan to wink out-

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

--at the very moment the lights go out--ECS: of the meat cleaver's BLADE the moment it cuts through the rope—*CLUNK!*-- and is left embedded in the wooden panelling atop of the sofa's backrest. --Sheridan pushes to his feet, grabs the rope, winds it roughly around his wrist, spins on his heels, picks up the pistol and aims at the picture window. Sheridan retreats backwards in a series of fast steps—dragging the boy with him---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--POPSY'S P.O.V. as his right winged appendage rises up and reaches inside the caravan, sharp talons dig into the window shelf—WHIP PAN TO the left side as the other appendage comes up and does the same—next second--

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

--L.S. of the picture window and the winged limbs reaching in from the darkness outside. The limbs expand via muscle tension—next second--POPSY lunges himself inside the caravan, up to his sternum. The entire caravan rocks from side-to-side and tips forwards slightly under the monster's effort. The creature GLARES at Sheridan, red luminous eyes BLAZING as he lets loose a nerve-tearing *ROAR!* --

REVERSE ANGLE: Sheridan screams through clenched teeth, backs up a few steps, and *FIRES FOUR RAPID SHOTS*—

REVERSE ANGLE: of the vampire monster--he *SCREECHES* as FIRED BULLETS strafe his body. The creature lurches with spider-like agility out into the night—

Outside—SOUND OFF: of an immense *THUMP!* as POPSY hits the ground, followed by the BASS-DRUM BEAT of his FOOTFALLS moving away from the caravan—

--in numbed horror Sheridan continues to scrabble rearwards, facing front, aiming the pistol and dragging the boy—

Outside—SOUND OFF: of GALLOPING FOOTFALLS racing towards the caravan, approaching from the kitchen side. Sheridan registers this and swings the aim of the gun in the direction of the noise—

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

POPSY stampedes towards the caravan, charging out from the darkness, loping on all-fours. The vampire monster lets loose a nerve-grating *ROAR* as he leaps forwards—POPSY'S P.O.V. of the caravan's side panelling as it zooms forwards to the point it fills the FRAME as he dives straight at it—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

--POPSY SLAMS his bulk into the side of the caravan with a *THUNDEROUS CRASH!* The interior wall panel *dents*. The lounge-side window *IMPLODES!*

Miscellaneous items are sent flying. The entire caravan is shunted violently—angling now to the immediate left--

SOUND OFF: of the caravan's underside as it goes loudly over the CONCRETE support pillars. OUTSIDE: SOUND OFF: of pistol-shot *CRACKS ECHO* from the decking as the timber breaks apart under the powerful offensive.

Sheridan loses his balance and is catapulted against the mantelpiece, rebounds. As he comes off the mantle he hefts the pistol and *FIRES*.—

--the fired projectile cuts through the panelling beside the kitchen window—

Outside—With a *HELLISH ROAR*, POPSY rams the static home again--

--the interior lounge and kitchen fixtures buckle and shudder apart with loud *CRACKS* as timber viciously fractures under the onslaught, more glass shatters, pretty much every item not held down jounces or goes flying—

SOUND OFF: from below--METAL GRINDING over CONCRETE--

--the entire caravan's front-end is smashed a glancing blow, thirty-degrees further to the left, rocking from side-to-side—ANGLE: of the kitchen sink at the very moment the pipes rupture, pissing pressurised water in every direction--

--Sheridan stumbles sideways via the impact, looks wildly around at the damage, heaves the boy across the floor--

--the entire static home booms resoundingly as POPSY charges his weight against the kitchen side for a third time. AT THE VERY MOMENT OF IMPACT-- All the kitchen cabinets and draws fly open, as if mortar bombs have just exploded inside them. Pots and pans, crockery and cutlery clatter across the linoleum floor.

--Sheridan screams as he is thrown off balance and is sent hurtling into the mantelpiece for the second time. He quickly gains his footing, quavering, he lifts the pistol and *FIRES!* ---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--the last shot *BLASTS* the blinds down and the pieces of glass remaining in the kitchenette window—

Outside—SOUND OFF: of POPSY *ROARING* and *SHRIEKING* as the fired projectile finds its mark. The sounds move away from the caravan--

--A trembling Sheridan immediately drops to his haunches, snaps the loading cylinder open and begins to frantically reload—

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--L.S. of the now buckled, heavily damaged caravan's front end at the moment the interior lights glow amber and brighten. All the exterior lights illuminate too. REVEALING: the extensive damage to the timber walkway and decking! POPSY'S glancing collisions have reduced the wooden structure to piles of kindling. Through the picture window Sheridan can be seen re-loading the pistol—FRAME PANS to the caravan's right side TO REVEAL: POPSY materializing from the shadows and mist. The monster pads forward on all fours. The creature has the appearance of a large leathery-winged panther stalking its prey. He draws to a stop. In a single bound POPSY is up on the damaged trailer's roof-

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

--Sheridan raises his head abruptly, looking at the ceiling. The interior lights flicker and lose power. SOUND OFF: of *METALLIC THUDS!* and *THUMPS!* as POPSY clammers over the roof. Sheridan smacks the loading cylinder back in place with the heel of his hand, frightened and tense he thumbs the cocking hammer and takes aim at the ceiling--

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--POPSY lopes forwards and comes to a sudden stop. He perches on all fours, red-eyes glaring down at the roof-top. His thin lips curl back revealing sharp fangs, mouth twists in a SNARL of rage. CRANES DOWNWARDS onto the roof—as POPSY'S winged limbs begin to PUMMEL the panelled steel with a series of powerful punches—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

--The ceiling bends and crimps under each forceful blow, further and further down. The light-fitting in the kitchen tears free with an explosion of electrical sparks and---

--LOW ANGLE: *SMASHES* to the floor. PAN TO THE RIGHT CRANE UP TO REVEAL: Sheridan as he reflexively jerks back. He remains crouched, staring upwards, frightened-- aiming the .45 at the noises overhead. The boy lifts his head and shoulders off the floor---

BOY (screams)

POPSY! POPSY!

Sheridan jumps at the sudden inclusion of the boy's shouts. He quickly returns his awareness to the quivering ceiling---

HIGH ANGLE: ECS: at the moment the monster's incessant pounding rips a *HOLE* in a ceiling panel, no bigger than a foot wide, directly above Sheridan's head!

HIGH ANGLE: of Sheridan, looking up in raw horror as--

--LOW ANGLE: of the hole in the ceiling the very moment POPSY feeds his vestigial thumbs and bony, elongated fingers in through the gap of his own making. With sheer savage strength the vampire begins to cleave the roof apart. Metal panels CHNNG! AND KRANG! as POPSY rips the hole wider and wider apart (This is exactly the way the vampire tore his way in through the roof of the Edwardian House.) ---

HIGH ANGLE: of Sheridan, in stunned terror, as he convulsively *BLASTS* all SIX SHOTS at the clawed fingers overhead —

SHERIDAN (screams as he shoots)

GET THE FUCK OFF MY ROOF! GET OFF THERE! YOU'RE NOT FUCKING COMING INNNNN! GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM HERE!

LOW ANGLE: of POPSY'S arachnoid fingers whipping out from the widening hole as FIRED SLUGS TEAR at the monster's talons—Outside--SOUND OFF: of POPSY'S *PAINED ROARS!*---followed by

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

—a *COLOSSAL THUMP* that rocks and vibrates the length of the caravan!— followed by—the sound of *MASSIVE STRIDENT WING BEATS FLYING UP AND AWAY INTO THE HEAVENS*—

All goes quiet for a moment--

Sheridan freezes, stares upwards, listening—

BOY (voice low and whispery)

Popsy! Where are you going?

Sheridan suddenly lunges downwards and seizes the boy by the scruff of his neck, yanks him to his feet, spins him around and slams him 'face first' into the partitioning wall beside the front door. Sheridan twirls around and throws his own back against the boy's, pinning him to the wall. Sheridan, hyperventilating, thumbs the dead-bolt, cracks the loading cylinder open and starts to re-load with trembling fingers—

--a moment passes--

SOUND OFF: of a *THUNDER CRASH REVERBRATES!* from above at the very moment *POPSY LANDS* on the roof with *IMMENSE FORCE!*

Sheridan screams and jolts and hunkers at the waist, fighting to contain his fear. Eyes-wide, he hastily feeds in the last bullet and *SNAPS!* the loading cylinder closed. SOUND OFF: of *THUDS!* and *CLUNKS!* as the vampire moves around up on the roof. As he warily listens Sheridan thumbs the cocking hammer and levels the gun at the ceiling—C.S: of the boy---his face mashed up against the wall, shivering and crying—

BOY (voice no more than a whisper)

Popsy...Popsy...

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--The black phantasm crawls low across the roof, making for the caravan's front end. CS PANS DOWNWARD WITH POPSY'S winged limb as he reaches forwards PAN ALONG THE LIMB to the multi-jointed fingers as they take grip on the edge of the roof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHARP CLAWS tap out a tattoo on the steel—CRANE UPWARDS ONTO POPSY'S head, as he distends his neck, lowers his head and—

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

--HIGH ANGLE: leers down over the rim of the picture window. His sharp-pointed ears appear, then the top of his head, followed by his eyes which draw level with the upper ledge of the window frame—the monster *GLARES* in at Sheridan. The vampire narrows his luminous eyes—

--Sheridan, just about able to hold himself under control, fast shifts his gaze and the aim of the .45 and *FIRES TWO SHOTS*—

--HIGH ANGLE: as the vampire emits a *HIGH-PITCHED SCREECH* and quickly *LURKS BACK*—

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--POPSY raises his upper-body, gyrates through a 180 degree turn and—LOW ANGLE: of the metal roof as *THUK! THUK!* the vampire's winged forearms *SLAM!* into FRAME.

BLACK BLOOD STREAMS down from above to form puddles over the dented metal panels—CRANE UPWARDS TO REVEAL: POPSY bleeding from his bullet wounds. ECS: of the vampire's gunshot wounds as they swiftly, 'magically' 'heal over.' Twin fired slugs peel out from their prospective star-shaped fleshy openings and drop—

C.S.: *CLINK! CLINK!* down onto the caravan's metal roof.---

The enraged vampire inclines his head and—ECS: of his *SLAVERING JAWS* and *BAT-LEAF NOSE TWITCHING!* as he releases a series of *CLICKS!*—

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

--C.S. of the boy as he slowly nods his head, "Yes". Some form of understanding just this second passed between father and son.

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--POPSY lunges backwards, throws weight to his hind-quarters, UNFURLS his MASSIVE WINGSPAN, JUMPS UPWARDS and flies away into the night—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—NIGHT

C.S. of Sheridan--hesitates, staring up at the ceiling. He listens to the hefty beats of the vampire's wings recede to silence. Sheridan waits for a sound from outside. A moment passes. Nothing. Suddenly galvanized Sheridan steps forwards, holsters the .45 down the front of his trousers, pulls a set of keys from his pocket, yanks the boy away from the wall and moves towards the front door—

BOY (shivering)

My Popsy has gone. Why has my Popsy gone?

SHERIDAN (tautly; distracted)

I don't know! What the fuck do you want from me?

Sheridan turns and--

--ECS: of his hand sliding the skeleton key in the door lock and quickly twisting it—

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--the front door is raked wide open. Sheridan stands in the doorframe, holding the .45 in front of him. He warily edges forward over the threshold, turns and checks one end of the caravan and then the other—HIGH ANGLE: of Sheridan as he swings the gun heavenward and scans the NIGHT SKY. He yanks the boy forward as he cautiously performs a 360 degree turn. There's no sign of POPSY!

SOUND OF: the severely damaged static home GROANS and RUMBLES like a sinking ship--

--Sheridan steels himself and suddenly charges down the steps, winds the rope tighter around his wrist as he goes, hauls the boy along with him. The boy offers no resistance. He obediently follows in Sheridan's wake. They hurry to the truck. On reaching the passenger-side—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

C.S. of Sheridan's hand as he slides the key in the door lock, he's about to turn it when he suddenly goes rigid—Sheridan glances to his right and stares like a man hypnotized, an expression of pure horror printed on his face—

Sheridan and the boy in the FOREGROUND, in the BACKGROUND as the FRAME CRANES UPWARDS TO REVEAL: POPSY as he SUDDENLY and SILENTLY rises off the ground (completely camouflaged in the darkness), like the ANGEL OF DEATH, no more than a five metres away—

--C.S: of POPSY'S BLACK SILHOETTE with his GIANT WINGSPAN spread as wide as it will go. He truly resembles a DARK, LEATHERY WINGED DEMON! His red eyes GLOW, staring straight at Sheridan—

--Sheridan stares back in appalled fascination—

--The boy, excited and pleased, suddenly lunges forwards—

BOY

POPSY! Popsy, I'm sorry. I told the bad m---

--Sheridan, just as quickly, yanks viciously on his end of the rope and almost hauls the boy clean off his feet.--

SHERIDAN (yells)

GET BACK HERE!

--As the boy reels back Sheridan grabs him by the shoulder, pulls him in close (using him as a shield) and places the .45's muzzle against the top of his skull. The boy freezes on the spot, his eyes bulge in fear—

--In response POPSY *GROWLS*, folds his wings and drops to all fours. The vampire jolts forwards in a series of steps, red eyes staring at Sheridan in absolute *FURY*—

--In response to POPSY'S threatening manoeuvre Sheridan holds his ground and pushes the gun even harder--in an *equally* threatening manner—against the boy's skull, forcing him to bow his head—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SHERIDAN

STOP! Just...fucking...stop! (swallows dryly; he can barely find his voice)... One step...just one step closer...and I'll, I'll fucking shoot him where he stands! I know you can understand me!! (pause; shakes with fear and adrenalin rush) I swear to Christ! YOU FUCKING LEAVE HERE! YOU LEAVE, LEAVE HERE...OR I BLOW HIS FUCKING HEAD APART!

--POPSY holds fast for moment. His fierce glare switches between Sheridan and the boy and back again.--

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

I'LL DO IT! He's what you came here for, isn't he?! 'Cause he's your purpose, your only purpose, right! RIGHT! So...so you let us go, fucking Popsy! Whatever the hell...

Sheridan slowly begins to back away—

--the boy lurches along with him, facing front, a pleading look on his face—

--The ancient vampire's gaze drifts from his son to Sheridan--

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

--You let us go...and I'll...I, I'll drop him off...a couple miles down the highway... and you, you pick him up from there...that's, that's what you do...*But you get the fuck away from here! NOW!* (pause) *Or I swear to Christ: you may take me down, but I'm taking your only purpose down with me...*

--For emphasis Sheridan pushes the firearm's barrel firmly against the back of the boy's head, threatening to pull the trigger. The boy stares imploringly at his father, tears stream over his bruised cheeks—

--POPSY seems to understand. The ancient vampire may be able to self-heal against bullets but it would appear that his blood son isn't, not yet anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Trembling, Sheridan inches level with his truck's engine compartment, dragging the boy with every step.--

--POPSY watches their progress then he too begins a lumbering retreat.—

--Sheridan shuffles around the front of his truck, keeps the boy close to his hip, keeps the pistol's muzzle pressed against the back of his head.—L.S.: of the boy and his captor and POPSY as the distance between them, due to the vampire's slow retreat, lengthens. Sheridan's truck stands as an obstacle amid man and monster.--

--C.S.: of POPSY'S skull-like face as he continues his slow withdrawal, he tenses and suddenly stops. A low menacing *GROWL* rumbles in the vampire's throat—

--Sheridan locks an apprehensive stare on the creature. He instinctively knows that something bad is about to happen—

--C.S.: of POPSY'S facial features as they contort with a cold, scowl. The vampire releases a chain of *LOUD HIGH-PITCHED CLICKS*, communicating with his son--

--C.S.: of the boy as he nods his head, 'Yes', closes his eyes and opens his mouth. CU: of his wide-open mouth, every single one of his teeth is now a *RAZOR-SHARP FANG!* In a *SUDDEN BLUR OF MOVEMENT* the boy seizes Sheridan's bleeding left hand and *BITES DOWN* on it—in exactly the same place he bit the hand the last time!

--Sheridan screams, arches his back, causing him to pull the aim of the gun away from the boy's head and involuntarily squeeze the trigger. *FIRE PROJECTILE BLASTS* from the .45 and---

--REVERSE ANGLE: *CUTS THE AIR* and *RIPS* through the truck's windshield transforming it into a frosted pane with a bullet-hole dead-centre.--

--With a *CONCUSSIVE ROAR POPY SUDDENLY CHARGES FORWARDS--*

--Sheridan screams in pain and staggers to his left, struggling with the boy. The boy thrashes his head. His cruel teeth chew Sheridan's hand to shreds. Sheridan screams even louder with full on horror when he clocks the ancient vampire *LOPING* directly towards him.—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Everything that happens next happens real fast--

--Sheridan *JOLTS BACK* several steps, *SCREAMS* in pure pain and terror, hits the boy over the head with the pistol's grip-handle and manages to tear his hand from the boy's mouth—

--C.S.: of the boy's jaw the very moment it falls open with a yelp of pain. And Sheridan wrenches his 'flesh-torn', 'muscles ripped to tatters' hand away in a bloody spurt. The boy's snarls like a wolf, cheeks and chin smeared with blood, his eye-lids fly open: his eyes have altered to those horrible *BLACK ORBS* –

--Sheridan clamps his badly mauled hand around the boy's throat, glances downwards, desperately searching for possibilities and sees—

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the gap in the decorative fencing around the base of the luxury caravan. Sheridan manoeuvres the boy in-front of himself, crouches and hurdles towards the breach in the fencing--

--The ancient vampire is right on their heels, an *ENRAGED HELLISH CREATURE* bearing down—

--Sheridan dives underneath his next-door neighbour's caravan, jumps straight through the narrow gap, shoving the boy ahead.—

--*POPSY, ROARING AND SCREECHING, SLIDES TO A STOP AND SHOULDERS HIS BODY WEIGHT AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE LUXURY HOME AT THE EXACT SPOT MAN AND BOY JUST THIS SECOND VANISHED UNDER.* The entire caravan rocks back and forth, rear end *shears* slightly to the right. *POPSY, WITH ONE SWIPE OF A WINGED LIMB,* instantly reduces a large section of the fencing to *SPLINTERS.* The vampire lowers his upper body and peers in beneath the trailer.--

--IN THE CRAWLSPACE--

Sheridan and the boy, fighting and kicking against his captor, scramble on hands and knees across the width of the crawlspace in the FOREGROUND. In the BACKGROUND, POPSY'S GHOULISH HEAD and part of his shoulder tries to squeeze in underneath the caravan. The ancient vampire *ROARS* in frustration.—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--POPSY shuffles back, extends a winged limb and then feeds it underneath the caravan, right up to his shoulder blade. At the instant the vampire's body lambastes the side of the static home the whole trailer *BOOMS* and *SHAKES VIOLENTLY* —

--IN THE CRAWLSPACE—

--Sheridan glances over his shoulder and chokes on a scream when he sees the *GIANT WINGED FOREARM GLIDING* into the restricted space right behind him.

--Making use of his other winged limb POPSY attempts to strenuously lever the entire caravan upwards, tries to squirm his way further underneath. He won't fit. He's too big. The vampire gives up and let's his side of the static home drop—the caravan *SMASHES* back to earth with a *LOUD METALLIC BANG!*

--IN THE CRAWLSPACE--

--Sheridan screams, pushes to his knees and bends double, dodges to his right, shoves the boy to the left (due to the fact they're tethered together little distance emerges between them).—

--POPSY'S WINGED FOREARM stretches into the confined space as far as it will go, angles toward Sheridan and *STABS* down—

--LOW ANGLE: of *CLAWED FINGERS* barely missing Sheridan's thigh. POPSY'S elongated fingers grope through dusty soil--

--Sheridan screams in terror, aims the .45 at the Pteranodon-sized wing and *FIRES!*

SOUND OFF: of *POPSY ROARS* in *PAIN*.

--his winged forearm rises upwards and *SLASHES LEFT AND RIGHT*.

--Still screaming, Sheridan aims at the monster's winged arm and *FIRES AGAIN!*

--SOUND OFF: of POPSY'S high-pitched screeches of *PAIN* and *FURY*—

--The bullet blasted wing twitches, jerks convulsively and then *FAST WITHDRAWS!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY (squeals out)

POPSY! POPSY! KILL THE MAN! HE HURT MEEEEEE!

--POPSY LURCHES BACK and flattens himself prone on the ground. The vampire GLARES at Sheridan HATEFULLY.—

--IN THE CRAWLSPACE--

--C.S.: of Sheridan as he gives out a hoarse cry of rage and fear, closes one eye, aims the .45 at the vampire's head and *FIRES!*--

--*POPSY'S HEAD JERKS BACK* as the fired bullet *SLAMS!* into his face.-

--IN THE CRAWLSPACE—

--Sheridan spins on his knees, grabs the boy's wrist and scatters forwards.--

--HIGH ANGLE: of the winged monster as he *LASHES WILDLY* and *THUNDERS AWAY* from the luxury caravan *SHRIEKING* and *ROARING!* The vampire *SMASHES SIDE-ON* into Sheridan's truck, causing the vehicle to *JOUNCE* on its suspension, and for the gunshot windshield to *SHATTER* to *NOTHINGNESS!* POPSY rushes backwards, moving crossways into the grassy clearing. The vampire melts into the shadows.

--NEXT SECOND—

--POPSY---with a *LOUD WHOOSH* and a *SCREECH OF RAGE*—*LEAPS UPWARDS* and soars into the night air like a *MYTHOLOGY DRAGON*.--

L.S.: of the opposite side of the luxury caravan at the very moment *A DUST STORM SWEEPS OUT FROM UNDERNEATH* the trailer. Dirt and grit swirl in twisters across the grassy clearing in the *DOWN-WASH* from the vampire's colossal wing beats.

--LOW ANGLE: C.S.: of a timber panel—at the very moment—Sheridan's booted feet *KICK THE PANEL OUTWARDS*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan slides from under the trailer on his back, coughing on clouds of dirt. He rolls over, straightens, drags the boy out and pulls him awkwardly to his feet.

From high above---SOUND OFF: a primitive and visceral *ROAR ECHOS* endlessly over the forest.

Sheridan stops and jerks his head up—

FRAME WHIP PANS TO THE LEFT AND CRANES UPWARDS TO REVEAL: high in the sky the vampire's dark silhouette floats into view via a single wing-beat, appearing over the trailer's roofline, fast bisecting the starry night.

--NIGHT SKY ABOVE PINE BARREN'S PARK—

--POPSY, in full flight, banks and turns. He shifts his head and stares downwards at —

--FRAME WHIP PANS AND CRANES DOWN AT A NINETY DEGREE ANGLE TO REVEAL: Pine Barren's Park far below—

--with a *BLOOD-CURDLING KILL-SHRIEK POPSY* manoeuvres his wings close to his flanks and *NOSE-DIVES* in an incredible *FAST-FREE FALL--*

--Nerves on edge, breathing hard, Sheridan—watching the aerial monster's swooping manoeuvre-- spins on his heels and fixes his gaze on--

---FRAME WHIP-PANS TO THE RIGHT TO REVEAL: The luxury caravan's front door--

INT. LUXURY CARAVAN ---OPEN PLAN LOUNGE AND KITCHEN SPACE. NIGHT.

--the luxury caravan's front door seen from the static home's interior at the very moment a thrown *POTTED TREE SMASHES STRAIGHT THROUGH* the frosted pane of glass! CRANE DOWN WITH: the heavy pot as it drops and *EXPLODES* in a load of soil and ceramic shards against the linoleum floor.

CRANE UPWARDS TO REVEAL: Sheridan bashing anxiously at the remaining chunks of jagged glass from the broken pane with his elbow. Once done, he jumps through the entryway, heaves the boy over the threshold---the boy trips over the base of the door ledge as he goes and—

SHERIDAN (yells)

GET IN HERE! MOVE!

--PANAGLIDE LOW: with the boy's feet and shins as they get dragged through the broken glass, soil and pieces of busted ceramic—CRANE UPWARDS as Sheridan yanks the boy to his feet—

SHERIDAN (grits his teeth; fearful)

GET UP! STAND THE FUCK UP!

--and moves briskly into the kitchen area where he suddenly stops. The boy thumps into him, rebounds. Sheridan stands and listens. The boy comes to a stand-still and he too listens to the sounds outside.

SOUND OFF: of POPY releasing a primal screech overhead.

--NIGHT SKY ABOVE PINE BARREN'S PARK—

POPSY'S P.O.V. as he hurtles down towards the grassy clearing, faster and faster—

SOUND OFF: of a HOWLING HURRICANE WIND rushing over his body—

--at the last possible moment before the winged vampire reaches ground zero—

--- GRASSY CLEARING--

Ten feet above the ground, POPY thrusts his upper body back, flaps his *GIANT WINGS FURIOUSLY*, lowers his hind-quarters and drops gracefully to the clearing. Immediately on touch-down the vampire folds his wings and *STRIDES* on all fours towards the luxury caravan--

INT. LUXURY CARAVAN OPEN PLAN LOUNGE AND KITCHEN SPACE. NIGHT.

--Sheridan strains to listen to the sounds outside, eyes dart furtively from one curtained window in the lounge to another. He treads softly forwards, strung out and nervous; he quickly thumbs the dead-bolt on the .45, suddenly remembering the pistol needs re-loading. ANGLE: The boy slowly follows beside him, (his eyes have changed back to those of a normal human) peering excitedly towards the windows—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Outside---SOUND OFF: of POPSY'S footfalls moving closer—he *HISSES ANGRILY* like an enraged serpent--

L.S. of the luxury caravan's interior. Sheridan and the boy remain frozen in the kitchen area, listening-- in the FOREGROUND--in the BACKGROUND the lounge area blanketed in SHADOWS.

--NEXT SECOND—

--The lounge-side window *EXPLODES* as a heavy wooden picnic bench is *HURLED INWARDS*—

--Reflexively Sheridan jolts to his right, heaves the boy with him. Sheridan throws his back against a kitchen counter and crouches, wrenches the boy down too. The boy tries to pull away from Sheridan. Sheridan pulls him back and hangs on to him real tight. The boy—without warning-- attacks Sheridan wildly, slashing and biting. Sheridan fends him off, both of them thrashing back and forth. --

---With a shout of rage Sheridan elbows the boy straight in the mouth. The boy goes limp, grasps at his face.

SHERIDAN (grits his teeth; keeps his voice low)

Little Motherfucker!

--Instantly Sheridan starts to reload the pistol. The boy can barely sit upright. He lolls like a punch-drunk fighter-- From a LOW-ANGLE THE FRAME PANAGLIDES AWAY from Sheridan and the boy—MOVES TO THE LEFT past the kitchen counters and into the lounge-area—UP AND OVER the sofa cushions—bringing the broken lounge-side window into C.S. Outside--through the busted window *POPSY'S SHADOWY FIGURE STOMPS* past the caravan—

--FRAME PULLS BACK from the broken window, CRANES LOW AND MOVES RIGHT—the FRAME paces with sounds of the Hell-creature outside— PANAGLIDES BACK into the kitchen-area---brings Sheridan and the boy into a TWO-SHOT. HOLDS FOR A MOMENT as Sheridan finishes up reloading the .45 and swivels his head at the sound of the vampire moving close outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

FRAME CRANES UPWARDS REVEALING: the kitchenette window, directly above Sheridan and the boy---

AND PUSHES IN at the very moment *POPSY'S GHOULISH FACIAL FEATURES FILL THE ENTIRE WINDOW!* –

--The vampire raises his head, *CHERRY-RED* eyes roll down in their sockets to stare at—*CRANE DOWNWARDS ONTO:* Sheridan and the boy. Sheridan cringes, tries to stay out of sight, shaking like a man caught in blizzard. The boy groggily attempts to push to his feet.

BOY (whispery voice)

Popsy? Popsy? He hurt me he—‘

SUDDENLY—Sheridan’s badly bleeding hand *SLAPS!* over the boy’s mouth followed by the .45’s barrel jammed in his ear.

Sheridan, with a jerky shift of his head, tries to peer over the edge of the counter-top.

SHERIDAN (whispers fiercely)

Don’t...not now! Not fuckin’ now.

FRAME CRANES UPWARDS off Sheridan ONTO *POPSY'S MONSTEROUS FEATURES* glaring in through the window. With a frustrated *SNORT* the Hell creature moves away from the glass. *CRANE BACK DOWN ONTO* Sheridan and the boy. Sheridan breathes a sigh of relief, closes his eyes for a second. The boy pushes Sheridan’s bleeding hand off his face. He gives his captor an angry stare before looking up expectantly at the window.

It all goes really quiet.

--and then---

Outside—*SOUND OFF:* of a *LOUD METALLIC SCREAM*—followed by a *VOILENT SHOCKWAVE* ---followed by the noise of pipes *CRACKING* and *RUPTURING APART---**WITH A HORRIBLE GROAN OF BUCKLING METAL--*

--The luxury caravan *SUDDENLY* becomes *WEIGHTLESS* as *POPSY* hauls the kitchen-side clean in the air!—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--Sheridan turns at the waist, gasping in fright—

--The caravan’s kitchen-side rises higher and higher--

--C.S.: of a mug-tree, a bread-bin, a glass fruit bowl and other miscellaneous items as they slide off a counter-top---CRANE DOWN with them as they *SMASH* onto the linoleum floor. FRAME SHIFTS RIGHT ONTO Sheridan and the boy at the very moment they both begin to slide across the floor on their butts.--

--The kitchen table and chairs skate from one side of the caravan to the other with a heavy scraping noise--- L.S. of the caravan's main interior as the kitchen-side rises higher and higher. The moment it reaches a fifty degree angle the opposite side suddenly drops from its concrete support pillars and hits the ground with a *HEFTY CRUNCH!*

-- In the shuddering lurch downwards Sheridan and the boy get thrown violently against the far wall. – *MORE GLASS SHATTERS!*--

Everything not fixed down flies across the trailer's girth; numerous items *SMASH* and *CRASH* onto and around Sheridan and the boy.--

--C.S. of a microwave oven as it glides along a counter-top's new-angle.—

--C.S. of the electrical cable stretching taut—

--E.C.S. of the electrical socket at the very moment the microwave plug wrenches free and—

L.S. of the far side wall (with Sheridan and the boy crumpled against it) seen from the kitchen-area at the moment the heavy microwave oven plummets through the air and *SMASHES* into the wall, an inch beside the boy's head.

C.S. as the boy lets out a bird-like squeal and covers his face with his arms.--

--Sheridan grabs the front of the boy's jumper and pulls him close to his chest--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SOUND OF: a persistent hissing noise in the kitchen area.

--A heat shimmer drifts up and passes in front of the kitchen window: *INFAMMABLE GAS* escaping from a ruptured feed--

Outside—SOUND OFF: of *POPSY* screeching into the night—

--The vampire lord *BASHES* against the caravan, *SLAMMING* the static home further *ASLANT*--

--Sheridan aims the .45 toward the kitchen area and *FIRES THREE WILD SHOTS*—

--REVERSE ANGLE: of the kitchen area as the third fired projectile rips through a cabinet door and ignites the escaping gas with *LOUD WHOOSH! LIQUID FLAMES ROAR UPWARDS...*

GAS-FUELED FIRE DANCES along the counter-tops and ENGULFS the kitchen curtains—

SHERIDAN (urgent; terrified)

Oh Shit! Move! MOVE!

Sheridan starts to *KICK* and *PUSH* his way through the miscellaneous wreckage and broken furniture, working his way into the lounge area. Recklessly he drags the boy along.—

--on reaching the bench POPSY threw through the window Sheridan shoves the boy in front of himself, grabs him in a bear hug and heaves him onto the bench. Sheridan motions to the broken window above--

SHERIDAN CONT'D (panicked; serious)

GET UP THERE! WE'RE GETTING OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW! COME ON! MOVE! MOVE!

--Sheridan pushes the boy roughly, ushering for him to use the bench as a climbing-aid. Man and boy scale their way toward the busted window—

--FLAMES BLOOM over the entire kitchen-area—

--BLACK SMOKE quickly fills the caravan's main interior—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--FIRE FLARES OUTWARDS the moment the kitchen window IMPLODES--

EXT. 'LUXURY' CARAVAN/GRASSY CLEARING/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—
NIGHT

--the LEAPING FLAMES RUSH FORWARDS and SET FIRE to POPSY at THE VERY MOMENT he's hunkered in a foreshortened lunge. The vampire's back, left wing and his tail are set ABLAZE.

The yearning, ENRAGED VAMPIRE LORD *ROARS OUT* (he truly resembles a demon from hell in the glow of the fire and the flames riding over his body) and pounds away from the burning caravan, rolls onto his back over the grassy driveway, dousing the flames. The aged vampire then flips onto his belly, pushes up onto his

hindquarters, spreads his MEGALITHIC WINGSPAN and springs into the heavens with one POWERFUL ASCENDING leap.--

--C.S.: of FINGERS OF FLAME reaching out through the busted kitchen window, black smoke swirls--CRANE DOWN with streamers of LIQUID FIRE dripping down onto the ground and quickly spreading like a fuel slick in the direction of *THE PRESSURISED GAS CYLINDERS*.—

FRAME BOOMS DOWN ON: the broken lounge-side window AT THE MOMENT Sheridan and the boy scramble up through the shards of glass, coughing and choking. BLACK SMOKE fumes out with them in OPAQUE CLOUDS---

--Together they hurriedly slide to the capsized caravan's lower edge and jump---

--LOW ANGLE: as a pair of adult booted feet and child shoes *HIT* the ground simultaneously --CRANE UPWARDS with Sheridan and the boy as they straighten up and stagger forwards---

--Sheridan makes a break for his truck, yanking the boy along with him. The boy resists him with every lurching step. Sheridan viciously grapples with the boy.

SHERIDAN (yells; anxious)

MOVE! FUCKIN' MOVE! NOW!

From high above--SOUND OFF: of *POPSY'S INFURIATED SCREECHES*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Sheridan stops mid-step and spins around, head snaps up as he looks skyward.

--WHIP PAN TO THE LEFT AND CRANE UPWARDS TO REVEAL: POPSY'S CRUCIFORM SILHOETTE flying high in the night, circling the park---

--Sheridan takes aim at the Hell monster and *FIRES* a *SINGLE SHOT* into the sky.--

SHERIDAN (screams out)

BASTARD!

--WHIP PAN TO THE LEFT AND CRANE UPWARDS TO REVEAL: POPSY'S SILHOETTE as he swoops low and then soars upwards in order to avoid the fired

projectile. The vampire's flying shadow abruptly banks, turns and begins a fast descent towards the grassy clearing---

--Sheridan jerks around and runs for his truck, wrestling frantically with the boy all the way—

INT. TRUCK—NIGHT

--the passenger door is torn open and Sheridan flings the boy onto the passenger seat, climbs over him, holsters the pistol down the back of his trousers and drops down into the driver's seat. Sheridan jams the keys in the ignition and fires the engine.

SHERIDAN (crazily terror-stricken)

YOU AND ME'RE LEAVING! WE'RE LEAVING RIGHT FUCKIN' NOW!

BOY (shrill screams)

POPSY! POPSY! HELP MEEEE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The boy, limbs thrashing, continually attempts to climb out through the wide open passenger door or scramble for the busted windshield. Sheridan grabs him, drags him back---

In the FOREGROUND Sheridan struggles with the boy in the BACKGROUND, through the driver's side window the burning caravan is in full view. The FIRE below the kitchen window BRIGHTENS. It momentarily draws Sheridan's attention. He twists around in his seat to look—

EXT. 'LUXURY' CARAVAN/GRASSY CLEARING/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

L.S.: of the *BLAZING SUNK CARAVAN* as the *TWIN GAS CYLINDERS* beneath the kitchen window *EXPLODE* in *HUGE FIREBALL*.

One *SKYROCKETS* while the other *FLIES UPWARDS AT AN ANGLE AND STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR HORIZONTALLY*. A compressed gas cylinder *SHOOTS OVER THE CAB* of Sheridan's truck--

INT. TRUCK—NIGHT

---Sheridan screams involuntarily and ducks down, pulls the boy down with him.

SHERIDAN (yells)

HOLY-FUCKIN'-SHIT!

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--C.S.: of the *FLAMING GAS MISSILE* the moment its *BASE* strikes the edge of Sheridan's caravan roof with a *LOUD METALLIC BANG!* The gas cylinder is sent *SPINNING END OVER END*. The flaming cylinder continues to *ROTATE* in a *SHOWER OF FIERY SPARKS* as it *ZOOMS* towards the tree-line where it *IMPACTS* and *RICOCHETS* off a cluster of tree trunks before *CRASHING* to the ground in an instant *BOMBFIRE*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

EXT. PINE BARREN'S PARK/GRASSY CLEARING---NIGHT

--L.S. of the entire park and surrounding forest as the *SECOND GAS CYLINDER* *ROCKETS UP* into the night sky in *BURSTS OF FLAME*. It *ARCS* in mid-air and *PLUNGES DOWN* towards the underbrush where it *SLAMS* to earth and *DETONATES* in a *FIERY WHIRLPOOL*. A hundred feet in the air *POPSY'S* *CRUCIFORM SILHOUETTE* circles the park, shrieking at the fire and the truck containing his blood son below---

EXT. CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--The *BLAZING* luxury caravan *SUDDENLY EXPLODES* near its centre and becomes a *RAGING INFERNO*--

INT. TRUCK—NIGHT

--Sheridan jumps in terror and cries out as burning debris rains down over his truck. *That's it!* Sheridan releases his grip on the struggling boy and---ECS as his left booted foot depresses the *CLUTCH PEDAL*. ECS as his badly bleeding hand *CRANKS* the *TRANSMISSION*. ECS as Sheridan's right booted foot *SMACKS DOWN* on the accelerator! Engine *REVS ROAR* as Sheridan twists round in his seat to look out through the rear windshield as he reverses the truck---

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

L.S.—IN THE FOREGROUND--the truck speeds out from the grassy driveway into the clearing with the passenger door hanging wide open. —IN THE BACKGROUND —HUGE TONGUES OF FIERY LIGHT BLAST UPWARDS into the night sky from the burning caravan, shearing it almost in half.—

--the truck turns on a tight hair-pin curve and *SLEWS BACKWARDS* in a *LONG SIDEWAYS SKID*---

INT. TRUCK. MOVING—NIGHT

--Screaming in sheer fear and shaking with adrenalin Sheridan twists around to face the glassless windshield and---ECS *STOMPS* his booted feet down on the *CLUTCH* and *BRAKE PEDALS*--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--the truck's wheels *LOCK-UP* as the vehicle *SKATES* over the wet grass for a second before *HEAVING* to a *STANDSTILL*. Centrifugal force *SLAMS* the wide-open passenger door shut. *CLUMP!*----

INT. TRUCK--NIGHT

--Panting and screaming for his father the boy lashes/scrambles ferociously to escape from the cab. Sheridan fights with him doing his best to hold onto the boy's jumper and yank him back. At the same time Sheridan awkwardly cranks the transmission with his right hand and floors the accelerator--

EXT. 'RUN DOWN' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--the truck races forwards, rear wheels *SPIN*, *HEAVY TURBO-TRACK TYRES* tear up *HUGE CLOUDS OF GRASSY EARTH*---

--L.S. of the *CONFLAGRATION* that is the luxury caravan as it *EXPLODES* in one *FINAL MASSIVE FLAMMING MUSHROOM CLOUD* of *FIRE* and *SMOKE*—

--*POPSY SWOOPS* in low over the clearing, like the *DEMON* of *DARKNESS*---his *WINGED* body cuts through the searing heat and smoke. The beast of the night *ROARS* in defiance as he converges on the truck's rear-end. C.S.: of the vampire

lord's hindquarters and dragonsque tail—AT THE VERY MOMENT—the limbs and the sharp point of the tail barely miss the cab's roof—

INT. TRUCK. MOVING--- NIGHT

--POPSY'S CRUCIFORM SHADOW RUSHES PAST OVERHEAD—Sheridan screams out in terror. The ground shakes like there's an earthquake from the explosion. A concussion blast wave hits the fast departing truck. Both Sheridan and the boy are buffeted in their seats. Sheridan hunkers down over the steering wheel. He works the gear stick; keep's his foot down hard on the throttle. The boy rips free from his captor's hold and stares up through the busted windshield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY(shrill screams)

POPSY! POPSY! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE, PLEASE?!

EXT. PINE BARREN'S PARK/GRASSY CLEARING---NIGHT

---POPSY SWEEPS in from a high pitch fast and steep, with frightening speed the flying vampire surges up behind the truck. A series of smaller *EXPLOSIONS TEAR* what remains of the *CAPSIZED CARAVAN* to pieces! A concussion wave *KNOCKS* the vampire lord sprawling in mid-air; *SHRIEKING* and *SNARLING* POPSY performs a *BARREL-ROLL* veers upwards and takes a sharp right as the truck *PULLS AHEAD---*

---and *RACES OUT* between the two lanterns positioned sentinel at the foot of the dirt track--

L.S. of the entire park: the raging *INFERNO*. The towering flames cast a *HELLISH* glow over the whole area. Burning chunks of shrapnel whisks down through the air like dying fireflies---

INT. TRUCK. DIRT TRACK. MOVING--NIGHT

--Sheridan punches the clutch and changes gear, pushes down hard on the accelerator. Wind rushes in through the broken windshield. The boy looks over the back of his seat, scanning the skies for his father.

BOY (voice wavering)

Popsy, don't leave me here...

Sheridan flicks a switch on the dashboard---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

EXT. TRUCK. DIRT TRACK. NIGHT

--and activates the headlights along with a row of halogen lamps attached to a baton suspended above the cab. The speeding truck *PLOWS* through some *MUDDY PUDDLES, SENDING UP HUGE SHEETS* of *DIRTY WATER* either side---

INT. TRUCK. DIRT TRACK. MOVING—NIGHT

---*DIRT WATER* sprays into the cab, splashing over Sheridan and the boy. Sheridan suddenly pumps the brakes and twists the steering wheel hand-over-hand as—

EXT. TRUCK. DIRT TRACK. NIGHT

--the truck careens madly around a sharp bend in the track, BRAKE LIGHTS BLAZE BRIGHT RED, TYRES SKID over wet mud, rear end fishtails violently and then straightens up as---

EXT. TRUCK. THE RISE. ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAY. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--the truck travelling at *BREAKNECK SPEED ROARS* from the dirt track onto the gravelled rise—

INT. TRUCK THE RISE. MOVING—NIGHT

--Sheridan frowns and leans forwards over the steering wheel as he spots something ahead---

EXT. TRUCK. THE RISE. ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAY. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

LOW ANGLE: along the length of the hood as the truck charges forwards—the LOW BEAMS and HALOGEN LAMPS FLOODLIGHT the way ahead—the beams of light

illuminate Billy's PATROL CAR. The car is parked at the top of the rise, front-end angled deep in the underbrush---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

INT. TRUCK THE RISE. MOVING—NIGHT

---Sheridan *SLAMS* his foot down on the *BRAKES*.

SHERIDAN (shouts out; hopefully)

BILLY! BILLY!

EXT. TRUCK. THE RISE. ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAY. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

---the truck's tyres *SLIDE* over loose stones as the vehicle *SKIDS* to a *GRINDING HALT*. HIGH ANGLE: in the BACKGROUND the glowing white circles of light cast from the truck—CRANE DOWNWARDS TO REVEAL---in the FOREGROUND the PATROL CAR---the driver's side window has been smashed inwards. A silhouette of a figure sat slumped in the driver's seat---

INT. TRUCK. THE RISE—NIGHT

---Sheridan pushes up and leans out through the busted windshield.

SHERIDAN (breathlessly; frightened)

BILLY?! BILLY, YOU GOTTA---

Sheridan freezes and stares with horror-widened eyes at---

--Sheridan's P.O.V. of the patrol car the moment he *CLICKS* the headlights from LOWBEAMS to HIGHBEAMS REVEALING: Billy's headless corpse sat in the driver's seat. *FRESH BLOOD* is *SPLATTERED* all over the car's interior—

--Sheridan flops back in his seat, staring shocked and horrified at the patrol car's murdered occupant.

SHERIDAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God. (shudders; whispers to himself) *Billy...*

The boy gets to his knees on the passenger seat and looks out through the rear windshield. He turns and glares at Sheridan with those hypnotic eyes. A knowing smile spreads across his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY (speaks softly)

Here comes my Popsy!

A stunned Sheridan turns to look at him---

--NEXT SECOND—

SOUND OFF: a *TERRIBLE BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK* echoes above the tree-line on the far-side of the rise—

--the boy and Sheridan swivel their heads and look up at--

FRAME CRANES UPWARDS off the boy and Sheridan UP OVER THE CAB--- AT THE VERY MOMENT----POPSY *CRASHES* through the upper boughs of the trees and *SWOOPS DOWN* into the rise.

INT. TRUCK. THE RISE—NIGHT

Sheridan screams for all he's worth. The boy dives towards the passenger door, really excited.

BOY (CONT'D)

POPSY! HERE I AM! POPSY!

Sheridan shoves the transmission in gear, floors the accelerator, jerks the steering wheel---

EXT. TRUCK. THE RISE. ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAY. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

---the truck pulls forwards going flat-out in first gear, wheels spin sending up sprays of gravel.

Everything that happens next happens really fast---

L.S.: as the *AIRBORNE* vampire GLIDES LATERALLY into FRAME from the extreme LEFT and PLUNGES down towards the speeding truck. On route POPSY PERFORMS an *AERIAL NINETY-DEGREE TURN!* The vampire's hindquarters and tail sweep through a tight arc, his upper body acts as a pivot. The demon of darkness BEATS his GIANT LEATHERY WINGS and in a second he closes the distance on the truck's rear-end—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

INT. TRUCK. THE RISE. MOVING—NIGHT

--as he steers the truck down the rise Sheridan's desperate, frightened eyes go to the rear-view mirror—C.U. of the rear-view mirror reflecting Sheridan's eyes, over his shoulder there's nothing but DARKNESS—Abruptly, Sheridan glances over his shoulder and sees—REVERSE SHOT: looking out through the rear windshield-- *The vampire lord is right there!* The awesome winged demon of the night soars no more than a few feet behind the truck. (The Hell creature remains true to vampire lore: he casts no reflection in mirrors.) The boy presses himself up against the rear windshield—

BOY (shrill screams; excited)

POPSY! POPSY!

--Sheridan gasps affrightedly and twists around to face front, mashes his foot down on the accelerator—

REVERSE SHOT—of the base of the rise---looking out through the busted windshield as the hurtling truck's headlights splash up over the LOCKED and SECURED ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAYS —

SHERIDAN (yells out)

THE GATES, BILLY! WHY DID YOU HAFTA TO LOCK THE FUCKIN' GATES?!

EXT. TRUCK. MOVING. THE RISE. ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAY. PINE FOREST —NIGHT

---POPSY'S POWERFUL WINGS BEAT FASTER with deafening *THUNDERCLAPS*, with his upper body canted skywards, he stretches out his hindquarters and—

--C.S. of the vampire's CLAWED PAWS taking grip on the tail-gate *CLINK! CLINK!*—

--the truck's engine ROARS as the vehicle *SPEEDS* straight towards the LOCKED GATES--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--POPSY lunges his whole body forwards and *LANDS HEAVILY* in the FLAT-BED! The vampire *SLITHERS* towards the cab--with his left wing he grabs hold of the

baton above the roof with his bony fingers. He draws back his right wing close to his flank and suddenly heaves the limb forwards *PUNCHING* –

INT. TRUCK. THE RISE. MOVING—NIGHT

--*CLEAN THROUGH THE REAR WINDSHIELD! CHUNKS of GLASS FLY EVERYWHERE IN A GLITTER OF DUST!* The *WINGED ARMATURE* reaches inside the cab---C.U. of *ELONGATED TALONED FINGERS* taking a *VICE-LIKE GRIP* around Sheridan's neck! Sheridan screams from the very pit of his soul as the vampire lord *WRENCHES* him *REARWARDS*—

--As *POPSY* rides the flat-bed he *THRUSTS* his head forwards and stares in through the damaged rear windshield at his blood son. The vampire communicates to him in a series of *FAST CLICKS*---

--the boy nods his head "Yes." and pulls the rope taut that binds him to his captor—

--*POPSY* extends his left wing---CU as *LONG, BONY FINGERS* snatch hold of the rope and *ECS* as *SHARP TALONS* cut it *CLEAN IN HALF* in the blink of an eye---

EXT. TRUCK. THE RISE. ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAY. PINE FOREST—NIGHT

--the *STEEL RAILS* of the *ENTRANCE/EXIT GATEWAYS* *BRIGHTEN BLINDINGLY* via the truck's *ON-COMING HEADLIGHTS* and *BATON LAMPS*.

--NEXT SECOND--

--The *TRUCK SMASHES* --with a *TERRIBLE SHRIEK OF METAL GORING METAL*--*STRAIGHT THROUGH* the *GATEWAY!* *ENGINE HITS* full *REVS*. The *BULLBARS* *DEMOLISH* the central concrete pillar to which each gate is attached with a *LOUD CLANG!*

Both gates get *TORN* off their hinges and are *FLUNG* in opposite directions the moment the truck careers into them. The undercarriage *SCRAPES* on the concrete plinth the pillar was attached to with a *SHOWER OF SPARKS!* ---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

---The *VAMPIRE LORD* with a *VICTORIOUS SCREECH PIVOTS*, turning with all the power of his hips and shoulders, and *HEAVES* Sheridan 'bodily' out from the cab. The winged vampire *LUNGES BACK* two steps and *LEAPS* over the tail-gate---

--the boy hangs out the shattered rear windshield staring pleadingly at his father—

BOY (screams)

POPSY PLEEEEEAAAAASE!

EXT. THE CAUSEWAY. CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK—NIGHT

---LOW ANGLE: of the tarmacked causeway—AT THE MOMENT—POPSY'S clawed paws *SMACK* down onto it. CRANE UPWARDS as the *HELLISH MONSTER*—in the FOREGROUND-- straightens from a crouch and turns to watch the truck's progress—in the BACKGROUND—

--With the engine idling the truck rushes horizontally across the causeway, heading for the treeline, travelling *FAST* under its own momentum—

INT. TRUCK. CAUSEWAY—MOVING NIGHT

---the boy twists around to face front. Whatever he sees ahead causes him to stare with mounting horror—

--REVERSE ANGLE: looking out through the busted windshield at a TREE TRUNK lined up perfectly with the truck's front-end. The trunk swells in size as the vehicle rapidly approaches---

--NEXT SECOND--

EXT. THE CAUSEWAY. CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK—NIGHT

--With a *JARRING METALLIC CRUNCH* the truck *SMASHES* into the tree-trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

INT. TRUCK. CAUSEWAY—MOVING NIGHT

--With a LOUD BLAST the AIRBAGS DEPLOY on both the driver and passenger's side. The screaming boy gets hurled in to the AIRBAGS and then *CRASHES* down in to the passenger foot-well--

EXT. THE CAUSEWAY. CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK—NIGHT

---From the *FORCE* of the *IMPACT* the truck rebounds a few feet, rear-end lifts up off the ground like a bucking mule and then *SLAMS!* back down! The rear tyres bounce like giant doughnuts on the tarmac. The destroyed truck slowly rolls

forwards and *CLUMPS!* to a stop against the very same tree-trunk it just this second struck--

--the boy *KICKS* the *CRIMPED* passenger door open and slides out from the cab. He stumble-walks towards his father, holding his mouth, crying--

BOY

That's *him*, Popsy! That's the bad man who stole me...

POPSY stands poised on the causeway. He stares at his approaching son for a moment before slowly turning to regard the human held in his grasp. POPSY DROPS from his full-towering height and lowers his free winged armature to the ground, steadying his upper body. With the other wing—bony fingers and vestigial retain a vicious hold around Sheridan's windpipe—under incredible strength the vampire lord *HOISTS* his son's captor in the air---

BOY V/O

I told him to take me back...but he wouldn't listen.

C.U.: of the vampire staring at Sheridan like a red-eyed king cobra—

REVERSE ANGLE: C.U. of Sheridan gasping, choking and struggling to resist POPSY'S brutal hold around his neck—

--LOW ANGLE: of Sheridan's legs and feet *KICKING WILDLY*, several feet off the ground--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BOY V/O (CONT'D)

I told him you'd come, Popsy. I told him you'd find me... I warned *him*. (pause)
He never listens...

--C.U. of Sheridan as POPSY'S talon-fingers constrict around his neck, tighter and tighter. Sheridan tries to scratch and punch at the vampire's wing-limb in a pathetic attempt to escape. Blood begins to run from Sheridan's mouth and nose.

SHERIDAN (gasps)

I...I didn't do...Oh God! No...I didn't fuckin'...have any choice—'

Sheridan tries to breathe properly, tries to scream in utter hopelessness—

--POPSY lowers Sheridan so they're face-to-face, malignant red eyes *GLARING*. The vampire lord inclines his head, studying him. A LOW GROWL rumbles in POPSY'S throat—

--LOW ANGLE: of Sheridan's groin at the very moment he pisses in his pants—

--C.S. of POPSY'S face as he glances downwards with an amused expression on his features. The vampire returns those CHERRY-RED EYES to *GLOWER* at Sheridan—

C.U. of Sheridan as he flails weakly in the night-lord's fierce grip--

--The boy comes to a standstill beside his father.

--POPSY turns his attention to his blood son for a moment, communicates in a sequence of *LOUD CLICKS*. The boy looks from his father to Sheridan. His eyes have transformed back to those horrible BLACK OILY ORBS.

BOY

My Popsy doesn't like you, Sheridan. *He* believes you need to be taught a lesson...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SUDDENLY--In a jerky move Sheridan reaches around his lower back, to his trouser-belt and withdraws the .45, swings his arm upwards and pushes the pistol's barrel under POPSY'S JAW...and *FIRES!* His one last act of defiance!

BOY (screams out)

POPSY!

--The vampire lord lunges rearwards *THRASHING* and *SHRIEKING* in *PAIN* and *ANGER*. At the same-time he throws Sheridan through the air in the opposite direction to his retreat—

Sheridan hurls backwards and—

LOW ANGLE: *HITS* the ground with a *HEFTY THUMP* and skids on his side over the slick tarmac—

--LOW ANGLE: of the causeway as the .45 gets *SMACKED* out of Sheridan's grip (the moment he crumples to earth) and is sent *SKITTERING* across the asphalt. The pistol comes to rest not ten feet away from where Sheridan lies---

--POPSY LOPES BACKWARDS, his BLACK LEATHERY BODY moves in a blur. The vampire shakes his head from side-to-side angrily—

--LOW ANGLE: of Sheridan as he flops on to his stomach and begins a slow crawl for the pistol--

--an *ENRAGED* POPSY FIXES his unyielding *GLARE* on Sheridan and *CHARGES FORWARDS*—

LOW ANGLE: of Sheridan skulking across the asphalt, right arm stretched out, his fingers groping for the .45---AT THE VERY MOMENT—ECS of the palm of his hand as he grabs the pistol's grip handle—FROM ABOVE AT THE VERY SAME MOMENT —POPSY, with a *FURIOUS ROAR DRIVES* his folded left wing between Sheridan's shoulder-blades, pinioning him to the ground--

--The vampire lord *HACKS* several times, gathers a large amount of phlegm in the back of his throat and *SPITS*—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LOW ANGLE: the bullet blasted into his neck at Sheridan—the slug *HITS* and bounces off the side of Sheridan's head—

--POPSY LEERS DOWN at his son's captor. His FANGED JAWS come to a stop bare inches above Sheridan's cheek.

A warning growl reverberates in the monster's throat. Sheridan cowers and squeezes his eyes closed---

--From above BLACK GOOEY DROOL (blood from the vampire's neck wound) dribbles down and SPATTERS onto Sheridan's forehead and cheek--

--POPSY'S CHERRY-RED GAZE flicks to the right. The vampire lord raises his head and shoulders as he—

--LOW ANGLE: extends his right wing and *PLUCKS* the .45 off the floor—

--POPSY clutches the revolver awkwardly in his TALONED FINGERS. He seems to take aim at Sheridan's head...and *FIRES!*

--LOW ANGLE: as the *LAST PROJECTILE BLASTS* from the .45 and ricochets off the tarmac with a high-pitched whine, barely an inch in front of Sheridan's face—

--Sheridan flinches and cries out in raw panic—

--POPSY indifferently DROPS the pistol from his grip-- the .45 *FALLS*--

--LOW ANGLE: and *LANDS* right beside Sheridan's head with a metallic *CLINK!*—

--POPSY raises his upper body, grabs hold of Sheridan, digs his strong BONY FINGERS into his shoulders and *EFFORTLESSLY HEAVES* his son's captor into the air, turns with his hips and brings him down in-front of his blood son—

--CU as TALONED FINGERS take grip around Sheridan's skull and his left shoulder---POPSY forces Sheridan to his knees while releasing a series of CLICKS, communicating with his son---

BOY

My Popsy is considering a fitting punishment for you, Sheridan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

POPSY emits more LOUD CLICKS.

BOY (CONT'D)

He has decided *you* need to be reminded of the pain you've caused to those who loved you... How do you think Anne-Marie felt in her last moments...? Exactly the way you feel now? Helpless...ashamed...sorrowful...

The boy glances from Sheridan to his father and back again.

--CU of Sheridan as he tries to shake his head "No", his breathing agonized; he trembles as if in a seizure---

--POPSY releases another sequence of LOUD CLICKS--

BOY (CONT'D)

You no longer serve the bad men, Sheridan...*you will* serve us this night. My Popsy has decreed it... (smiles) My Popsy will discipline the bad men...*they will come here*...drawn to the smell of fetid meat like reptiles...*their* chosen postponement will be their downfall. (pause) My Popsy will bring about their ruination. *You* should've listened to me... you should've of left us alone...and now it's too late...

--POPSY twists Sheridan's head at sharp angle, like his neck has been placed through an ever tightening hangman's noose. The lord of the night looms down and levels his terrible FANGED JAWS with Sheridan's exposed neck. POPSY'S CHERRY-RED EYES roll upwards in their sockets as he communicates with his blood son in a chain of LOUD CLICKS—

BOY (CONT'D) (nods his head "Yes.")

Yes, Popsy. (pause) I'm hungry...I'm *very* hungry.

--POPSY opens his mouth, wider and wider, in a single, quick motion he sinks his razor sharp fangs into Sheridan's neck. A bloody mist squirts out either side of the vampire's jaws. Sheridan's entire body spasms from head to foot! His screams echo through the forest. With suddenness the vampire lord opens his powerful jaws, takes a step back and pushes a now limp Sheridan forwards—offering him to his son---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--his blood son nods "Yes" and steps forwards.

--CS of Sheridan, his body rigid, his eyes staring in fright---his masticated neck: blood gushes from his torn carotid artery--

--the boy's mouth gapes, his teeth are now long, serrated daggers. The boy clasps either side of Sheridan's head in the palms of his hands, leans forwards, inclines his own head, closes his eyes and with a canine snarl BITES DOWN-

--CU of the boy with his eyes closed. The bridge of his nose and eyes are framed over the edge of Sheridan's bloodied neck. As he suckles on the artery pumping fresh blood the boy's broken nose *CRACKS!* back into place. The bruises to his face heal as if they never were: the blood son rectifies his flesh just like his father. The boy's eyes *SNAP!* open---horrible, BLACK OILY EYES, he STARES dead ahead as he feeds on his former captor HUNGERILY and with RELISH--

--FRAME SLOWLY PULLS BACK TO A LONG SHOT of the bottom of the rise and the destruction wrought to the gates, the blood son feeding on Sheridan; Sheridan's spasms giving way to slight twitches as the grisly tableau plays out. POPSY takes his son under his wing...*literally!* The vampire lord watches over his descendant proudly.

CRANE UPWARD TO REVEAL: the DARK CLOUDLESS NIGHT.

FADE OUT

DARNESS and SILENCE...

FADE UP ON

EXT. LOWER PINE FOREST—DAY

LONG SHOT: of the interlacing trees of the pine forest. It's early in the morning, branches and foliage hang heavy with dew. The woods are *DEATHLY SILENT*.

EXT. THE CAUSEWAY. CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK—DAY

Carveth's Jaguar parked at the base of the rise.

Carveth stands on the causeway. He's staring at something with a concerned look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REVERSE SHOT: Carveth's P.O.V. of Sheridan's destroyed truck crushed up against the tree-trunk.

Two men accompany Carveth: Ciodaru and Marian. Both eastern European, heavy-set men; Ciodaru makes his way down the rise and joins Carveth on the causeway.

CIODARU (motions over his shoulder)

There's a patrol car abandoned up there...

Carveth nods "Yes"

CARVETH

It's Billy's. (pause) Any sign of him?

CIODARU

There's nobody. But there's blood inside the car and all around...

The two men exchange apprehensive glances with one another.

Carveth grimaces and pats Ciodaru's shoulder, motions to his car.

CARVETH

Let's get going.

Marian mills around by the demolished gateway.

CARVETH V/O (shouts over)

We're leaving, Marian, you coming?

MARIAN (uncertain)

What...what happened here?

Carveth ignores the question. He climbs in his car and starts the engine. Ciodaru gets in on the passenger-side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Marian ambles towards the vehicle.

TIME CUT

INT. JAGUAR CAR. MOVING--DAY

Carveth's P.O.V. looking out through the windshield as he steers the Jaguar across the clearing. FRAME PANS to the right to regard the SMOULDERING REMAINS of the luxury caravan. FRAME PANS back to the windshield TO REVEAL: Sheridan's BATTERED and SMASHED caravan straight ahead.

All the curtains have been drawn in the lounge-area. Carveth brings the car to a halt, switches the engine off.

SOUND OFF: of shuffling movement of weight and creaking of seats followed by the familiar noise of a steel clip being slid into a firearm followed by the weapon's slider being cocked.

CARVETH V/O (anxiously)

Everybody ready for this?

In answer--

SOUND OFF: all three men throw open the car doors.

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

Carveth cautiously pushes the front door to Sheridan's caravan open, he clutches a Berretta in his right hand. He straightens his right arm and sweeps the firearm's aim from left to right—

CARVETH (yells)

SHERIDAN?

Carveth quickly scans the caravan's main interior---he doesn't like what he sees. He jerks his head to the left and gapes frozenly; a sudden expression of edginess stamped on his face. Carveth steps over the threshold, staring stupefied at the sight before him---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Ciodaru and Marian gingerly follow in his wake, Marian gasps at what confronts him and crosses his chest. --

REVERSE ANGLE—of Sheridan's corpse, decapitated, disembowelled and hung upside down from the ceiling. The body is half naked and horribly gutted, suspended from the ceiling by the left ankle via the length of rope used to bind the boy---blood and gore is bespattered everywhere like crimson paint thrown over an artist's canvas. The right arm lays on the kitchenette table-top; a butcher's knife has been driven through the wrist. The left arm rests on the seat of a chair with the meat cleaver buried in the forearm.

CARVETH (tautly, to the others)

Don't touch anything.

CIODARU

Oh my God...

Carveth takes a step forwards, staring at the corpse, distracted and nervous.

Carveth doesn't turn around to look at Marian when he speaks to him.

CARVETH

Marian, go and check on the other rooms?

MARIAN (fearful)

I don't like this.

CARVETH (impatient; panicky)

Neither do I! Now do me a favour and go and check on the other rooms.

Marian reluctantly turns on his heels and exits through the narrow corridor.

Carveth presses forwards a couple of steps, closely inspecting the slain body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Ciodaru moves up beside Carveth—he too takes stock of the grisly corpse.

After a moment:

CIODARU

They crucified him like St Paul (gestures to the corpse)...*upside down!* You crucify your enemies this way.

CARVETH (voice barely a whisper)

And, Cio, they took his head... What the fuck did they do with his head?

Marian re-emerges.

MARIAN

There's no one else here.

Carveth nods "Yes", crouches down and inclines his head as he scrutinizes—

--LOW ANGLE: of Carveth's P.O.V. of Sheridan's chest and shoulders—minus the head! The body has been utterly mutilated. The head has been torn away with unimaginable force. Flies buzz around the body—

Carveth frowns, covers his nose and mouth with the back of his hand and glances downwards at—

--FRAME CRANES DOWN ONTO: the large pile of intestine resting atop of a pool of congealed blood staining the linoleum floor---

MARIAN (nervous)

This place is cursed. (pause) We should leave...

CARVETH

Let's not get too excited, Marian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Carveth rises up and as he does so he places his Berretta in a shoulder-holster under his left arm-pit, his eyes get drawn to something off to his right. Carveth grimaces as he locks onto 'something' that catches his full attention—

--Ciodrau passes by Carveth as he heads into the lounge-area--

--HIGH ANGLE: of Carveth's P.O.V. of the kitchenette table-top, placed on it is his blood-smeared Colt .45, scrawled next to the firearm in dried blood is the question, "YOURS?" Below the gun is a row of bullets, arranged in single file like toy soldiers-- scrawled next to them in blood is the following statement, "*These should come in handy*". Beside the crimson statement is the blood-filled broken ash-tray, resting in it is Sheridan's heart, ripped clean from his chest cavity---

--Carveth backs up a few steps, staring down at the table-top in confused alarm—

SOUND OFF: of curtains SWISHING open. Sunlight floods the caravan's interior.

Startled, Carveth jerks around and glares at—

REVERSE ANGLE: of Ciodaru standing by the picture window at the moment he lets go of the curtains. He's looking over his shoulder at Carveth with an uneasy expression on his face.

CARVETH (annoyed)

I thought I asked you not to touch anything.

CIODARU (gravely)

You better take a look at this (he gestures towards the sofa)

Carveth edges around the body and wanders up to Ciodaru. Both men stare down at—

--HIGH ANGLE of their P.O.V of the sofa's worn upholstery, daubed in blood over all the seat cushions, perfectly readable in the harsh light of day is multitudes of names and address and phone numbers--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CIODRAU (shocked; apprehensive)

They know us (signals to Sheridan's corpse) ...*he* told them everything...it's everybody...everybody we do business with, everybody who works for us... (circumspectly; he gestures to Sheridan's corpse again) Who got to him last night?

--a wary Ciodaru looks upwards and points at the ceiling—

CIODARU

And up *there!*

--Carveth stares up at the ceiling—

--LOW ANGLE of Carveth's P.O.V. of the ceiling. Smearred on it in blood is his name, ANSEL CARVETH, followed by his address and contact number. Next to Carveth's name is the word, "*Drac*". FRAME PANS to the right TO REVEAL the another name spattered in blood: BAYRAM CEYLEN "THE TURK" followed by his address and telephone number. Written beside The Turk's name is the word "*Drac*" —

CARVETH

What the hell does "Drac" mean?

CIODRAU

It means "Evil". It's Romanian. (motions to himself and Marian) We're Romanian.

Carverth nods "Yes" and inhales raggedly.

--Ciodrau rubs his lips nervously as his gaze shifts to the ceiling space above the lounge-side window to the right-

CIODRAU

Carveth, look at that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--Carveth eyes go to where Ciodrau gestures. He slowly steps forwards, staring attentively overhead at--

--LOW ANGLE of Carveth's P.O.V. of the ceiling space above the lounge-side window. Inked in Sheridan's blood is the following statement, *When the Night returns so shall we.*

CARVETH (under his breath)

Motherfuckers! (distant) Those motherfuckers...

Carveth gets momentarily lost in serious thought. Marian stays close to the front door.

MARIAN

We should leave here.

CIODRAU

...He's probably right. The authorities will get involved now...it's just a matter of time...Carveth. We need to clear out and not make any—'

CARVETH (cuts him off; angry)

And whatcha gonna do, Cio? (testily) Clean all this shit off the walls, the floors and the ceiling before you go? (gestures to the corpse) Get rid *him* just like none of this happened? (pause) *These fuckers are playing us!* (distant) They're playing us...

CIODRAU (calmly)

So what do you wanna do?

Carveth thinks for a moment, fishes his car-keys from his jacket pocket and throws them to Marian.

CARVETH

Marian, go out to the car and get the rifles outta the trunk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

--Marian catches the keys. He exchanges worried glances with Ciodrau and Carveth.

MARIAN

What for?

CARVETH (sternly)

Because we're staying!

CIODRAU

Why?

CARVETH (charged with anger)

Because whoever did this is coming back! And when they get here we're gonna be waiting for 'em. We'll get a crew out here. Armed to the fuckin' teeth! Some bastards taken all this personally—*so have !!*

Carveth glares at Marian who hasn't moved.

CARVETH (CONT'D)

I seem to remember telling you to go and get some rifles outta my car. (pause) Is there any particular reason why you're still standing there?

There's a long, heavy silence for a moment.

Marian reluctantly turns and exits the caravan.

Carveth removes a cell-phone from his pocket.

CARVETH (CONT'D) (gestures to Sheridan's corpse)

He called me last night, left a voice-mail...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CIODRAU

Sheridan? What did he say?

CARVETH

He sounded scared shitless. He said that, he said something about the kid knowing me...suggested that he knew The Turk too. (pause) Sheridan was *petrified* last night, Cio. He seemed...he seemed to think that this kid he'd nabbed...he, he knew everything about us...

CIODRAU

Is that possible?

Carveth shakes his head "No".

CARVETH

I can't see how... (nods at Sheridan's corpse) *He* demanded an early pick up... wanted me to come over here yesterday; no one group could know everything about us to this extent...*it's just not conceivable*... Who the fuck has Sheridan been rubbing shoulders with?

CIODRAU (surveys the carnage and destruction all around him)

There's no way a child could've done all of this.

CARVETH

I concur.

Carveth begins to dial a number on his cell-phone.

CIODRAU

Who do you intend to speak to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Carveth points at the ceiling to where the The Turk's name has been written on it.

CARVETH

Who do you think? The man himself...

INT. JAGUAR'S TRUNK. CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. DAY

DARKNESS

The trunk lid suddenly swings open and Marian looks down into the FRAME. He leans forwards and—

--Marian's P.O.V. as he grabs a thick blanket and tosses it to the back of the trunk
REVEALING: two Mossberg 500 pistol grip pump-action shotguns. Marian hoists the shotguns out from the trunk and *SLAMS!* the lid closed with his elbow *CLUMP!*

INT. 'RUN-DOWN' CARAVAN—DAY

Marian barges back into the caravan carrying the shotguns in each hand. Ciodrau is climbing up onto a chair, making ready to cut Sheridan's corpse down. Carveth stands in the lounge-area with his cell-phone clamped to the side of his face.

CARVETH V/O (speaks into the phone)

...no, no, no, no, no, listen I need to talk to him right now.

Marian puts one shotgun down on a kitchen counter-top, keeps hold of the other one. He has a container wedged between his arm and flank. He removes the container and places it down by the sink. Marian looks over his shoulder at Ciodrau stood on the chair-- they swap uncomfortable looks with one another. Ciodrau withdraws a steel hunting knife from a leather sheath attached to his torso, grabs the rope and begins to saw through it.

CARVETH (CONT'D) V/O (speaks into the phone)

I know that. I already spoke with Pitman. (pause) For how long? (sighs) I've no idea...we're on our own and I need a crew. (incredulously) *Trouble?! Yeah, I'm expecting trouble! What the fuck do you think I'm talking about here?*

Marian hefts the shotgun and clicks the slide release, cranks the fore-stock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

He then flips the lid on the container open—it's filled with 12 Gauge shells.

Marian fingers one out and slides the shell into the ejection port, works the fore-stock. He then begins to feed cartridges into the firearm's under-slung magazine.

CARVETH V/O (speaks into the phone)

(tersely) That is not the point. I wanna talk to him now! Okay. I'll fuckin' hold, I'll hold all day. I don't give a shit! I wanna talk to The Turk and I wanna talk to him now! *This is important!*

Ciodrau finally cuts through the rope suspending the body—it drops like a sack of rocks and *HITS* the floor with *LOUD SQUELCHY THUD!*

CARVETH (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Goosed by the noise, Carveth spins around and stares up at Ciodrau for a moment and then briefly looks down at Sheridan's remains.

CIODRAU (shrugs)

I'm gonna take a look outside; see if I can find a shovel.

Ciodrau climbs down off the chair and heads for the front door.

After a beat a distracted Carveth turns around and starts to speak into his phone.

CARVETH

Hello. Yeah. Bayram, I'm out at Pine Barren's Park... we got a high priority situation here...

EXT. 'PINE BARRENS' CARAVAN/TRAILER PARK. PINE FOREST—DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LONG SHOT: of the trailer park.

Ciodrau walks across the grassy clearing towards the row of caravans on the left side of the site.

The surrounding forest remains *DEATHLY QUIET*.

EXT. LOWER PINE FOREST—DAY

LOW ANGLE: of the piny forest. FRAME PANAGLIDES SLOWLY through the underbrush as it approaches a FALLEN PINE TREE. FRAME CRANES UP and over the tree trunk and then PANAGLIDES along its length, all the way to the MASSIVE GNARLED ROOTS. On reaching the roots the FRAME CRANES UPWARDS and goes over the top of them; TILTS NINETY-DEGREES DOWNWARDS TO REVEAL: the vast, gaping hole left in the ground by those giant roots. Only the pit in the earth appears somehow different. It looks as if a *MONSTEROUS RABBIT* has excavated the hole, digging deep into the ground. FRAME SILENTLY SOARS DOWN into the mouth of this tunnel, down, down into cavernous darkness below the earth.

DARKNESS and SILENCE!

---and then---

BOY V/O (voice a sleepy whisper)

...Popsy?

POPSY'S PIERCING RED eyes *SUDDENLY SNAP* open.

THE END